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# Sports Illustrated

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## LEADING OFF



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For two cagey guys, Orelle Virgil of the Phils and sports-star impostor Lee Trotter, times were bad, but they were flat-out grand for Iowa's Mike Hufford, here making an upside-down catch.

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



NACK STRIKES A RETIRING POSE OF HIS OWN

It could be said that Senior Writer Bill Nack started work on his story about the contrasting swan songs of Hall-of-Famers-to-be Johnny Bench and Carl Yastrzemski, beginning on page 46, back in 1975. On one of his early assignments as a sports columnist for the Long Island, N.Y. paper *Newsday*—Nack had covered horse racing for three years and local politics before that—he was sent to the Cincinnati games of the '75 Reds-Red Sox Series. It was there that he met Bench and Yastrzemski for the first time.

As a reporter whose office was close to Yaz's hometown of Bridgehampton, N.Y., Nack zeroed in on Yaz even back then. "He was one of the few guys in that Series I had a sense of when I got there," says Nack. "I had a feeling for where he was from."

Yaz and Bench had three fairly uneventful games, each going 3 for 11 before the Series returned to Boston for its climax—without Nack, whose next close encounter with Yaz would come as a result of the epic Red Sox-Yankees playoff game of 1978. Yastrzemski came to the plate to face Goose Gossage in the ninth inning with two out, the tying run at third and the winning run at first. Nack was standing behind the Boston dugout, ready to head to the clubhouses for postgame interviews. When Yaz popped the ball up, Nack

watched the Yankees' third baseman, Graig Nettles, look up, and saw Yaz look up, "but for some reason I turned and looked around. Behind me were thousands of faces. It was as if they were caught in some kind of watercolor, all looking up, mouths open. And they were silent. Then Nettles caught it, and there was nothing. Absolute cathedral-like silence in the place—for an instant it was a church."

Three years later, having joined SI in 1979, Nack was writing a story about Gossage (Goose), Sept. 28, 1981, and he asked Yaz about the playoff fastball that had got him. Yastrzemski's answer was that a Gossage heater can do one of several things—sink, curve inside to a lefthanded batter or dart up and away. Yaz guessed it would sink; it didn't, and he got under it. That, he told Nack recently, was the at bat of his 23-year career that he would most like to have over again.

This August Nack set out to follow Yaz and Bench in their final weeks of baseball. His first stop was Cincinnati, where he watched Bench play 18 holes of golf at the Hyde Park Country Club—his first drive off the tee went 330 yards, straight down the middle—and attended Johnny Bench Day at Riverfront Stadium. The ceremony was like *This Is Your Life* (on which Bench had in fact been a guest at 23) complete with taped messages and telegrams from family, old friends and VIPs. Bench enjoyed every minute of it.

Nack found that Yaz, on the other hand, was trying to minimize the hoopla; he was still working in baiting practice as if he were going to face Gossage again with the division title in the balance. "Though he says over and over he doesn't like the nostalgia and doesn't look back," says Nack, "there was much in his words that said he did. In Bench there's a sense of completion that Yaz doesn't have. In Yaz there lingers a real commitment to what he's been doing all these years."

Robert L. Miller

# FROM THE SINAI TO THE FALKLANDS, IT'S STILL A PILOT'S WAR.



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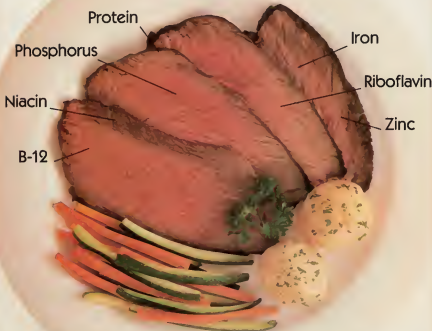
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## Footloose

by GATHRINE WOLF

**CHECK OUT THESE GAMES PLANS IF YOU  
WANT TO VISIT SARAJEVO IN FEBRUARY**

If you're thinking of attending the 1984 Olympic Winter Games in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia next Feb. 8 to Feb. 19, there are a number of tour options you might want to consider now—before it's too late.

Thirty thousand visitors, a sixth of them from the U.S., are expected to descend on Sarajevo. Because there are only 3,000 hotel beds in the city, two Olympic villages have been built, one for athletes, the other, with 1,700 beds, for spectators. Hundreds of Yugoslav families will rent their houses to visitors, while others will host paying guests. Hotels and restaurants will bring in tourist-oriented personnel from other towns, and an overall Games plan is being organized through one office, Zoisours, a consortium of the country's 12 major tourist agencies.

"This is going to be a marvelous experience, especially for winter-sports oriented people," said one agent. "The organizational end of it is very good, and the Yugoslavs so want it to be comfortable. If you stay in an apartment, someone will even come in and cook you breakfast."

If you decide to go it alone, rock-bottom group-rate air fares may run as low as \$704 (from New York), and hotel rooms will cost \$70 and up. Category I tickets, consisting of reserved seating in the arenas and preferred locations near finish lines on the ski slopes, start at \$22 apiece. Category II tickets go as low as \$3 for such minor attractions as skaters doing their compulsory figures or for less-than-choice seating at the more popular events.

Zoisours in Sarajevo will handle individual requests, but you'd be better off dealing with one of the 12 authorized U.S. agents. Some offer no-frills deals for as little as \$689 plus air fare for a week-long stay (Great Destinations, New York City) and \$999 plus air fare for a fortnight (Megavent International, New York City). There are also frill-filled plans, including air fare and escorts to parties and side trips, for as much as \$4,580 (Adriatic Tours, San Pedro, Calif.). Amity Tours (Los Altos, Calif.) offers a \$3,960 package that includes a

post-Olympic ski trip to Jahorina, the site of the women's Alpine events.

Every package offers a selection of tickets. Those agents who specialize in taking groups to sporting events can virtually guarantee that you will get the tickets you want. Executive Travel Advisors (Burlingame, Calif.) along with CIT L.A. (Encino, Calif.) have several sports packages—skating, skiing (both Alpine and Nordic), hockey—for \$2,500 plus air fare. GlobalSports (Weston, Mass.) augments its basic \$2,850 plan with three separate ticket packages, ranging from \$400 to \$615, for figure skating, Alpine skiing and hockey, though all include a sampling of other events. Most of the other agents will do their best to accommodate your ticket preferences on a first-come, first-served basis. CJS Travel (Coral Gables, Fla.), for one, still has plenty of tickets, partly because it entered the Olympic business just a few months ago.

Plane Travel (Forestville, Md.), Northern Recreation Travel (Duluth) and Yugotours in New York City can also arrange trips to the Games. In Canada, HBC Travel Ltd. is the official agent, appointed by the national Olympic committee.

Apart from the Games and what the organizers expect to be ample accommodations, Sarajevo will offer tourists a chance to sample *raznjići* (grilled pork sausage) and *slivovitz* as well as excellent local wines in cozy restaurants throughout the city. History buffs may want to visit the spot near the Princip Bridge where Archduke Franz Ferdinand's assassin stood and fired his pistol on June 28, 1914.

According to Dejan Živojinović, director of the Yugoslav National Tourist Office in New York, "Sarajevo is a substantial city, and Yugoslavia is a tourist country. Why, there is a town on the Adriatic—Poreč—that handles 100,000 tourists a day during the summer. It's only a matter of organization." And advance planning.

A few caveats: Before deciding on a tour, you'd be wise to shop around. Some include a 15% tax and service charge, some don't. Not all tours include tickets to the Games as part of the total package price. And depending on your city of departure, the air fare to Yugoslavia may hike your trip's overall cost by several hundred dollars.

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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

## THE PROPER WAY TO MIX SPORTS AND POLITICS IN '84

In early 1980, SI endorsed as "the right course" President Jimmy Carter's threat—one that the U.S. ultimately carried out in concert with 61 other countries—to boycott that year's Summer Olympics in Moscow unless the Soviet Union withdrew its troops from Afghanistan. Today, in the aftermath of the U.S.S.R.'s shooting down of a Korean airliner on Aug. 31, we believe that any action by the Reagan Administration to block the U.S.S.R. from participating in the '84 Games in Los Angeles, as urged in some quarters, would be the wrong course. Whatever may have been the virtues of the 1980 boycott—and now they must be regarded as having been dubious at best—present circumstances are dramatically different from those in '80:

- Whatever it may say about the character of the Soviet regime, the downing of the Korean plane, as horrific as it was, apparently wasn't, as in the case of Soviet aggression in Afghanistan, the result of a considered policy on the part of the Kremlin that the U.S. could hope to reverse with sports-related sanctions.

- Whereas Carter felt the need to further focus world attention on the situation in Afghanistan, full attention has already been riveted on the Korean airliner tragedy—and could actually be diverted by a controversial "lockout" of Soviet athletes.

- Although the '80 boycott was a flop in one sense—Soviet troops are still in Afghanistan—it did succeed in dampening the spirit of an Olympics that, Carter felt, the Soviet regime was hoping to use to "legitimize" itself in the eyes of the world. There would be no similar advantage to be gained in barring the Soviets from L.A.

Disclaiming any interest in dragging the Olympics into the Korean-plane case, a White House spokesman last week told SI that "the Administration feels that sports should rise

above politics." Alas, international sport is almost always intertwined with politics. The real point to be made is that barring the Soviets from L.A. would be bad politics. Such an action would violate commitments to the International Olympic Committee by the city of Los Angeles, the L.A. Olympic Organizing Committee and Presidents Carter and Reagan that athletes of all countries would be welcome to compete in L.A. The IOC would likely respond to a lockout of Soviet athletes by moving or calling off the Games. The U.S. would thus bear the onus of having wrecked a second straight Olympics.

Also worrisome is the possibility that Moscow might stay away from L.A. of its own volition—and influence its socialist-bloc allies to do the same. On the heels of the cancellation by seven U.S. universities of basketball games they were to have played against the Soviet national team next month (SCORECARD, Sept. 26), the U.S.S.R. last week called off a December tour of the U.S. by its national hockey team because of "serious fears" for its athletes' safety. It's not difficult to imagine the U.S.S.R. bowing out of L.A. for the same reason.

The hope is that Soviet athletes will compete in Los Angeles. The Soviets had warned well before the latest heightening of world tensions that they might stay away from L.A., but there had been signs that they actually intended to be there—if for no other reason than that they could expect to clean up in the competition. In August the Soviets agreed to pay \$3 million for domestic TV rights to the Games, and they have also signed a joint communiqué with the LAOC pledging to strengthen the Olympic movement and promote peaceful ideals through sport. The current state of U.S.-Soviet relations makes the pursuit of those goals seem more worthwhile than ever—and, in this case anyway, good politics as well.



## TRAMPOLINE COURTESY OF RCA

Sausalito South Bar & Grill in Manhattan Beach, Calif., gives its patrons a special treat during Monday night NFL telecasts. When his team isn't one of the Monday contestants, Los Angeles Raider Defensive End Lyle Alzado is regularly on hand at Sausalito South to comment on the game and provide an insider's view of pro football. Here's one of Alzado's recent insights: "Let me tell you how the Raider defense works. . . . We're a very tight and intense unit. Like, for in-

stance, [Linebacker] Matt Millen is probably our quietest player off the field, but the night before a game, he gets so wound up that he jumps off the television set in his hotel room into his bed because he thinks that will bring him good luck."

## A FUTURE ON ICE?

After winning three Division II national hockey titles in five years and going 5-1 last season against Division I competition, the University of Lowell (Mass.)

could no longer be ignored by the big guys. Or so it seemed in January when the Chiefs got the go-ahead to move into Division I starting with the 1983-84 season. The idea was that after one year as an independent, Lowell would become the 18th Division I hockey team in the Eastern College Athletic Conference. Imagine Lowell's surprise when the ECAC promptly arranged to break into two separate conferences, neither of which wants any part of the Chiefs.

Nine of the ECAC's Division I

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schools—six Ivy League schools plus Vermont, RPI and Colgate—decided to split off and form a conference that will debut in the 1984-85 season. The ECAC's eight other Division I hockey-playing teams—Boston University, Boston College, Clarkson, St. Lawrence, Providence, Northeastern, New Hampshire and Maine—joined forces to establish what was immediately called the Super Eight, which also will begin play in 1984-85. With 17 of the 18 ECAC Division I schools thus aligned in new conference groupings, BU Athletic Director John Simpson says blithely, "It would appear right now that Lowell doesn't have a place."

The ostracism of Lowell means that the Chiefs will have to scratch for games with Division I teams—probably mostly road games at that—and will have to play more Division II opponents than it would like. "It stinks," Lowell Coach Billy Riley says of the situation. "They [the Super Eight] are afraid that if Lowell is accepted in the league and wins, it will attract a lot of the prize recruits. They're afraid Lowell could become the Minnesota of the East."

Nonsense, says Simpson. He claims he and his Super Eight confreres simply decided that eight teams were more manageable than nine. "Maybe Lowell ought to apply to the other league," he says. But there really is no other league for the Chiefs. Lowell's high-powered hockey program reflects a philosophy the Ivies reject. Lowell recruits heavily, the Ivies don't; the Ivies hold their schedules to 26 games, Lowell plays more than 30 games. The Chiefs' program is more in line with that of the Super Eight members. "They know what's going on," says Riley. "They know where we belong." Last season, in fact, Lowell beat New Hampshire (twice, in exhibitions), BC (10-0 in an exhibition) and Providence (then ranked No. 2 in the country).

With no league to play in, Lowell will find it difficult to experience such glory again. The circumstances would seem to justify a Super Nine, but Simpson remains unmoved. "Compassion has nothing to do with this," he says.

#### SCRIPTURAL FOOTNOTE

As an ordained Baptist minister, Seattle Seabawk Tight End Charlie Young is well acquainted with the Biblical passage about the necessity of turning the other



cheek. So onlookers found it slightly surprising when, in the Seahawks' 34-31 victory over San Diego on Sept. 18, Young kicked Charger Linebacker Linden King during a fracas that resulted in both players being penalized for personal fouls.

Young's explanation: "In Ecclesiastes III, it says there is a time for everything. There's a time for war, there's a time for peace. There's a time not to fight and there's a time to fight, and that was definitely a time to fight. First of all, he slugged me. And I said, 'That's O.K., I'll let that go.' Then he kicked me, and I was going to let him get away with that. Then he gouged me in the eye. Then he kicked me again, and enough was enough."

Amen.

#### COACH ON THE RUN

As Nevada-Reno Running Back Otto Kelly raced 89 yards for a fourth-quarter touchdown and a momentary 22-21 lead over Fresno State on Sept. 17—Nevada-Reno ultimately lost 24-22—Wolf Pack Coach Chris Ault got a mite too caught up in the excitement and began running down the sideline alongside Kelly. When Ault reached the Fresno State 20, as he sheepishly explained it later, he realized that he risked being penalized for having strayed too far from the bench. His solution: He kept on running—past the end zone and up a ramp in Fresno State's Bulldog Stadium, where he was found hiding behind a vehicle by a fan, who asked, "Say, aren't you the coach for

Reno?" Ault eventually made it back to the bench, and his team was penalized 15 yards on the subsequent kickoff because of his peregrinations.

Folks in Fresno are still marveling about the presence of mind that Ault exhibited after the fan espied him crouching behind the vehicle. "I'm just looking for a hot dog stand," he breezily explained.

#### BUTLER REIGNS SUPREME

After Notre Dame, Purdue and Indiana lost their Sept. 17 football games by a combined total of 61 points—to Michigan State (28-23), Miami (35-0) and Kentucky (24-13), respectively—*The Indianapolis News* invited readers to name "the best college football team in Indiana." The winner of the poll was Butler University, a Division II school in Indianapolis that had beaten Wayne State 19-6 and Dayton 20-3 in its first two games but isn't exactly considered a big-time football power. Residents of the Hoosier State may find some comfort in the fact that college basketball practice starts on Oct. 15.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Gaylord Perry, Royals pitcher, 314-game career winner and reputed spit-buller, on announcing his retirement at age 45: "The league will be a little drier now, folks."
- Terry Bradshaw, Steeler quarterback, asked at a sports luncheon if he was still involved in any way with estranged wife Jo Jo Starbuck: "Just financially."
- Frank Robinson, manager of the fifth-place Giants, when asked last week how he viewed the race in the National League West: "By looking up."
- Bo Jackson, Auburn running back, on his summer job as a bank teller: "The first day I was \$8,000 short. Just a rookie mistake."
- Don Matthews, coach of the Canadian Football League's B.C. Lions, asked whether his team would try any quick kicks in an upcoming game in Vancouver's domed stadium: "Only when we have the air conditioning at our backs."
- Jim Hanifan, St. Louis Cardinal coach, inviting reporters to serve as tackling dummies for his football team, which lost its first three games: "It could give you some extra pay, and you've got a good chance of not getting hurt."




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# RENAULT

## THE ONE TO WATCH

**Sports Illustrated**

OCTOBER 3, 1983



# Philly Is Streaking For

The Phillies may have gotten by everyone lately, but when Gary Maddox tried to score from





# Home

With 10 straight victories the Phillies all but put a lock on the rough-and-tumble race in the National League East  
by STEVE WULF

second on Marty Bystrom's single and Saturday, he couldn't get past the Cards' David Horne.



CONTINUED

It was the strangest evening of a very strange season. Underneath a full moon Friday night, the Phillies' Steve Carlton beat St. Louis, his old team, 6-2 for his 300th career victory. But, though Carlton became only the 16th pitcher in history and the fifth in the last 59 years to reach that milestone, the accomplishment came off as flat as last night's champagne. Carlton may be headed for the Hall of Fame, but he bolted for the corridors under Busch Stadium like a common criminal, his hands shielding his face from camera flashes. Lefty hadn't said much of anything to the outside world in 10 years, and he wasn't going to start now.

This was also the night, and the defeat, that eliminated the defending world champion Cardinals from the National League East race, if you could call it that. Naturally, the Cards were upset. "Caribbean, here I come," said Outfielder Lonnie Smith.

The victory was the Phillies' eighth straight in a streak that would reach 10 by week's end and kept at bay the Pittsburgh Pirates, who that same night were pummeling the suddenly miserable Montreal Expos 10-1. Through Sunday's games Philadelphia had a four-game lead on Pittsburgh, with a magic number of three and a week to go. Said General Manager-Manager Paul Owens, "If you'd told me last spring in Clearwater that we'd be in this thing with the lineup we've had out there and that I'd be managing it, I would've said to you, 'Are you kidding me or what?'"

That Phillies' lineup included First Baseman Len Matuszek batting second, Rightfielder Joe Lefebvre hitting cleanup and Centerfielder Greg Gross in the sixth spot. Earlier in the season the three of them were, respectively, buried in Triple-A, in San Diego and on the bench. The lineup didn't include several notables, one of whom was Pete Rose, who's being asked to sit out his 15th pennant race.

This hasn't been the best of seasons for Carlton, either. He was 14-15 going into the game at St. Louis and had relinquished his role as ace of the staff to John



Schmidt, the league's home-run leader, got a hero's homecoming after hitting No. 33.

Denny, who was 17-6. "Lefty has had a funny kind of year," says Claude Osteren, the Phillies' pitching coach and also the losing pitcher in Carlton's eighth, 44th and 68th victories. "His strikeouts are right up there, so you know he's not getting old. But his concentration hasn't been as sharp. He's made mistakes on pitches that he didn't used to make. But he's still the most amazing pitcher I've ever seen."

Actually, the most amazing thing was that Carlton almost agreed to speak after his victory. On Sept. 19, the Phillies announced that if Carlton won his 300th that week he would appear with announcer Harry Kalas on WTAF-TV with a radio simulcast on WCAU, answering reporters' carefully screened questions. But on Tuesday Carlton recanted, saying, through the Phillies' p.r. office, that the issue of his speaking had become bigger

than the pennant race. "Milestones are nice, but, very honestly, they are secondary to winning," said the release.

In St. Louis on Friday, Joseph T. Carlton, Lefty's father, hung around the clubhouse, carrying a stack of pictures of Steve in younger days. But he declined to be interviewed. "Like father, like son," he said. "End of conversation."

Carlton shut out the Cardinals over the first three innings and also drove in the first Phillies' run in the second with a single through the right side of the infield. But in the fourth he made the kind of mistake he has been making all season, and David Green hit a fat fastball over the wall in left to tie the score at 2-2.

Then the Phillies came up with three more runs off Joaquin Andujar in the fifth, and Carlton settled down. He allowed a leadoff triple to Ozzie Smith in the eighth, but stranded Smith by striking

out Willie McGee and George Hendrick and getting Green to hit back to the box. It was, however, his last inning, denying the fans the pleasure of a grand exit. "He could have gone another inning," said Osteen later, "but he had already thrown 137 pitches, and he has to come back again with three days' rest. I asked him if he wanted the ninth, and we both sort of decided not to risk it." Carlton's line on the night was eight innings, seven hits, two runs, both earned, one walk and a season-high 12 strikeouts.

Al (Mr. T) Holland, the Phillies' excellent reliever, pitched the ninth, striking out Ken Oberkfell for the final out. Carlton ran out of the dugout to shake Holland's hand. Recounted Holland, "Lefty said, 'Thank you.' And I said, 'No, thank you!'"

Carlton then exchanged hugs with teammates. He walked over to the field box next to the Phillies dugout to bring his wife, Beverly, out onto the field. Well-wishers touched him, and he kept mouthing, "Thanks, thanks, thanks." But the stadium was oddly quiet—there was no fanfare, not even an announcement of the historic occasion. Oddly, the winning manager in Carlton's first victory, Red Schoendienst, now a St. Louis coach, was the losing manager this time around be-

cause he had to take over for Whitey Herzog, who'd been thrown out in the fifth.

As the media waited outside the Phillies clubhouse, the players gave champagne toasts to Carlton. The trainers chipped in for a magnum of Dom Perignon 1975, and Pitcher Larry Christenson bought a magnum of Tattinger '71. But Carlton, oenophile and mediaphobe, brought his own Methuselah of Laurent Perrier, nonvintage. The huge bottle sat in his locker, even if he didn't.

Outside the clubhouse, Beverly talked about her husband's day. "He got up, walked around the yard, checked the fruit and nut trees, ate steak and eggs and hash browns," she said. "He was very relaxed." She accepted the kiss and congratulations of Phillies owner Bill Giles, who said, "A hundred more."

"Steve would like to play another 10 years," said Beverly, "and as hard as he works, he just might. I wouldn't mind that at all. Baseball's been great to us." When a reporter asked her if there was anything that the world should know about her husband, she said, "Well, he likes Ukrainian food." There you have it, baseball fans.

He just doesn't like attention. He stayed in the trainer's room in private

reverie. Pitcher Larry Andersen, who was with the Mariners when Gaylord Perry won his 300th last year, said, "That celebration was a lot different. We had two cases of champagne, and we were spraying it all over Gaylord. Possibly it's a difference in the man, but Steve was very excited when he first came in. At least I'll be the answer to a trivia question in a few years. A very tough one, too."

Carlton's clothes were brought to him in the training room, and he asked that the clubhouse be cleared. When that failed, he requested a police escort through the locker room, and the Costello Ushering Service, doubtless named after the man who asked, "Who's on first?" executed a flying wedge. There went Carlton, covering his face from two vicious photographers and five rabid reporters. Shyness is one thing, paranoia another.

Some would say that the Phillies should go into the playoffs—if they beat out the Pirates—with their hands over their faces. This has been an embarrassing year for the National League East—at the end of last week five teams in the majors had better records than Philadelphia's division-leading 86-70. "I didn't think we were going to win," says Third Baseman Mike Schmidt, who through

*continues*



Sunday had 39 homers, 107 RBIs and a Phillie-record 127 walks—2.16 miles worth. "I didn't think we were as good as Montreal, and I felt that Pittsburgh had just as good a team as we did, and that St. Louis had a chance."

The Phillies' fast finish coincided with a public tiff between Schmidt and Owens. Schmidt said the team was confused and that there was no set lineup. Owens, who had come down from the front office to replace Pat Corrales on July 18, said that too many players cared only about themselves and that some of their statistics made him sick.

"I really didn't think we had the lineup, the foundation to win," said Schmidt. "As it turned out, having no set lineup sort of became our foundation. The guys came out to the park, and if they weren't playing that day, they said, 'Go get 'em today, I'll get them tomorrow.'"

The Phillies kept juggling their personnel until they found the right combination. Their stars were having off years. Leftfielder Gary Matthews, for instance, had 17 game-winning RBIs last year, but only three this year. Second Baseman Joe Morgan came into September batting .201. Centerfielder Von Hayes, who was acquired from Cleveland for five players, has been an utter disappointment. And Rose, poor Rose, had only three extra-base hits since July 1.

The Phillies got everybody into the act in their 9-6 Saturday victory over the Cardinals, which gave them nine wins in a row, their longest streak since 1977. They blew a 4-0 first-inning lead and entering the ninth trailed 5-4, with Bruce Sutter on the mound for St. Louis. Hayes, pinch-hitting, slapped a leadoff single, and then Matuszek, recalled from Portland, Ore. on Sept. 1 and ineligible for postseason play, went the other way to left centerfield for a double that scored Hayes. With one out and a runner on third, Rose, who had made only his second start in 11 games, laid down an exquisite squeeze bunt. Then Schmidt hit a two-run homer. "During the streak we've won games every way you can except by forfeit," said Schmidt.

Indeed, the Philadelphia victory string was extended to 10 games Sunday when Rose came off the bench to drive in the deciding run in a 10-inning, 6-5 win over St. Louis. "People who read box scores think that I can't hit anymore," Rose says. "But I'm 8 for 21 as a pinch hitter,



Morgan has blossomed this month, while Rose has been planted on Philly's bench.



and I'm tied for the team lead in sacrifice flies with seven." The Phillies haven't yet decided whether they want to renew his contract after this season, and rumors have Rose returning to his old team, Cincinnati. "Why would the Reds want me when I'm 42 when they didn't want me when I was 38?" Rose says. "But this is the time of the year for me. People will see me in the playoffs, and I'll show them I can still play."

It's also the time of the year for Morgan. On Sept. 19 he celebrated his 40th birthday with two home runs, a single, a double and four RBIs as the Phillies beat Chicago 7-6. The next day he went 4 for

5 with a double and three RBIs in Philadelphia's 8-5 win over the Cubs. "I don't think I've ever had a bad September," said Morgan.

The Phillies were only two games ahead of the Expos when they arrived in Montreal for a two-game set starting on Sept. 21. The game was rained out—the roof of Olympic Stadium is still stashed away in the basement—so a two-night doubleheader was then scheduled for Thursday.

That's when the roof fell in on the Expos, and particularly Catcher Gary Carter. Lefebvre and Matuszek combined to drive in five runs, and Morgan had three doubles, a walk and was hit by a pitch as the Phillies staved off several Montreal rallies to win the opener 9-7. In the second game the Expos' season came down to the sixth inning. Trailing 2-0, they had

runners on first and second with none out and the heart of the order coming up. But Charles Hudson struck out Andre Dawson and, after Al Oliver singled home a run, got Terry Francona and then Carter to pop up. It was Carter's fourth straight pop-up, not what Expo fans expect from a man making \$1.7 million a year, and they booed him lustily. The Phillies ended up winning 7-1 as Hudson, an unexpected rookie bonus, pitched a four-hitter. Matuszek had two RBIs, and Morgan got two more hits, giving him 13 in four days, or more than he'd had in the 40 days between June 28 and Aug. 7.



Johnny was a Ray of hope for Pittsburgh on the base paths (middle and bottom), but he couldn't stop a steal by Expo Tim Lincecum.

So, in the course of less than seven hours, the Expos went from contenders to . . . well, Montreal Gazette columnist Michael Farber called them "Bridesmaid Revisited" one day and after the 10-1 crushing by the Pirates he labeled them "Destiny's Doormat" the next.

On Saturday the Pirates beat the Expos 1-0 behind John Candelaria and Ceciliano Guante. Candelaria also drove in the winning run. On Sunday, Montreal helped out the Phillies by beating Pittsburgh 5-3. It was only the Bucs' fourth loss in 14 games.

The Pirates and Phillies, who will meet in a three-game set to end the season, actually seem to be enjoying themselves. For the Pirates it's like old times with the retired Willie Stargell back in the clubhouse, though in mufi, boosting morale and giving batting tips.

All three contending managers, Pittsburgh's Chuck Tanner, Montreal's Bill Virdon and Owens, appeared on *Good Morning, America* Friday, and David Hartman asked Virdon if the pennant race was fun for him. Said Virdon, "I think Paul had more fun than I did last night." Actually, Virdon doesn't believe much in fun. He has banned alcohol on team flights, has discouraged card playing and (gasp!) made the Expos take down their Nerf basketball game.

Guess what the Phillies did while the Expos pored their clubhouse during the Thursday rain? They organized the World Series of Tonk, tonk being their favorite card game. "It's a five-card rummy game," says Gross. "There's some strategy involved, but basically it's luck. Just like baseball." The entry fee was \$40, and 16 players signed up for the winner-take-all pot of \$640. Rose was seeded first, Morgan second, Maddox third and Schmidt fourth. The tournament was held Saturday night in a conference room at the Marriott Pavilion in St. Louis. After more than five hours, the winner of the crown of Dr. Tonk turned out to be unseeded and unsung Relief Pitcher Willie Hernandez.

"The Latin connection," proclaimed First Baseman Tony Perez. "He was a 99-to-1 shot." Said Gross, "Nobody expected Willie to win. But it's been that kind of year."

END



# It Isn't America's Cup Any Longer

Challenger Australia II staged a dramatic comeback to defeat Liberty and break the U.S.'s 132-year winning streak **by SARAH PILEGGI**

Remember how it was when the U.S. hockey team beat the Russians at the 1980 Olympics and Americans who had never even seen a hockey game and who had given up saluting the flag after fifth grade were swept up overnight on a tidal wave of patriotic fervor? Multiply that ardor a hundredfold and you'll have some idea of what winning the America's Cup Monday meant to Australians. For-

get the World Series and the Super Bowl. Those are games. This was history and nationhood and destiny all riding on the backs of 11 men and on designer Ben Lexcen's flying machine, *Australia II*.

No matter how Skipper John Bertrand and his crew had gone about winning the Cup, they'd have been heroes forevermore Down Under. But the fact that they fought back from a 3-1 deficit to tie the





Though Liberty was far ahead at the fourth mark (left), Australia II led 3.5 miles later, to the eternal joy of her contingent.

best-of-seven series at 3-3 and then came back on Monday from way behind after the first four legs of one of the most thrilling yacht races ever sailed to beat *Liberty* and Dennis Conner, the best the U.S. had to offer, made them heroes to the world.

The day of the Race of the Century began for *Australia II* just as almost every day had for the last three months. The white-hulled 12-meter was lowered from her hoist, a towline from her tender, *Black Swan*, was attached to her bow,

and as she slid from her berth at Newport Offshore boatyard, the amplified sound of the band Men at Work drifted back toward shore: "I come from a land Down Under/Where women glow and men plunder/Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder/You better run, you better take cover." Then the Aussies went off to sea.

Out on the 24.3-mile course the wind, which had been blowing at barely six

16 minutes up the course, *Australia II* was ahead by three or four lengths. The boats crossed again, *Australia II* still ahead, but this time by a little less. Conner had thrown a fake tack at Bertrand and the Aussie had fallen for it, tacking needlessly and losing about a length in the process. Perhaps shaken, Bertrand kept going toward the right side of the course, leaving *Liberty* uncovered for an inexplicably long time, considering that



knots from the southwest for most of the morning, turned shifty and the first attempt to start the race as scheduled at 12:10 p.m. had to be abandoned. But at 1:05, with an eight-knot southwesterly breeze established, the chase was on. *Liberty* won the start by eight seconds, giving Bertrand the left side of the line. The boats started off upwind on opposite tacks, each skipper gambling that his side was favored. Conner was the first to tack back toward the center, and a minute later Bertrand did the same. Then Conner tacked away again, an indication that he was already behind. At the first crossing,

his boat is capable of tacking like a ballerina. Then the wind gods must have smiled on Conner. At the third crossing the two boats were dead even, but at the fourth *Liberty* was ahead. Bertrand had made two mistakes on this first leg and as a result, *Liberty* led by 29 seconds at the windward mark. The explosion of horns and sirens from her supporters signaled their assurance that the race was already won and that the remaining 20-odd miles were merely a formality.

*Liberty* kept *Australia II* on her stern for the next three legs, even gaining 34 seconds on the second windward leg, on

*continued*



Conner's gamble with *Liberty* (foreground) at the start of Race 4 ended with a win.

#### AMERICA'S CUP continued

which both boats played the wind shifts. Conner began the fifth leg with a 57-second advantage, but made a serious mistake as the boats headed downwind. Though *Liberty* was already at a disadvantage because of her greater weight—some 3,000 pounds—Conner jibed onto port tack, and instead of trying to stay between *Australia II* and the mark, as would be expected under the circumstances, he allowed his rival to sail off by herself on starboard. It was a disastrous decision. The Australians discovered a stronger breeze, and by the time the two boats jibed back toward each other after 3.5 miles of the 4.5-mile leg, *Australia II* had gained substantially. And when the two boats actually crossed moments later, *Australia II* was ahead. For good, as it turned out. She rounded the leeward mark with a 21-second lead, having made up an astounding 1:18 on *Liberty*.

The final, upwind leg of 4.5 miles was the scene of a tense and desperate tacking duel. Conner trying everything he could to alter his fate. But this time Bertrand kept *Liberty* tightly covered until finally, with the finish line coming up, Conner took off for the spectator fleet on the right side of the course, perhaps hoping

that Bertrand would follow. Bertrand did pursue *Liberty* for several minutes, but only until he was certain he was on the lay line for the finish. Then he tacked onto starboard once more, and the America's Cup was won.

"*Australia II* was a better boat today and they beat us," said Conner, his voice breaking and his eyes filling with tears. "There are no excuses."

In Week 1, Conner had sailed *Liberty*



Conner was aboard after taking a 3-1 lead.

to victory in the first two races, but Bertrand got onto the scoreboard with a whopping three-minute, 14-second win in light air on Sept. 18. *Australia II* then lost to *Liberty* on Sept. 20, in the first race of Week 2, when Conner sailed perfectly in 10- to 15-knot winds. In the last seconds of the prestart maneuvers, Bertrand mistimed his approach by some five seconds, and Conner, seizing the opportunity, went for the hole between *Australia II*'s bow and the line like a running back. It was a daring move. The slightest miscalculation could have produced a foul because Conner was on port tack while Bertrand, on starboard, had the right of way. But Conner succeeded and wound up with a six-second lead and the favored right side as well. He played the wind shifts, guessing right every time, and by the first mark *Liberty* led by 36 seconds. By the finish he had increased that lead to 43 seconds.

"It takes two boats to tango," said Conner afterward. "I guess John wanted to tack more, but he tacks very well, and we thought it would be better to do as little tacking as possible with him and try to make him play our game."

"What happened was, we gave *Liberty*



Two men from Liberty (above) went up the mast before Race 5, but it was the crew of Australia II whose spirits rose.

10 or 15 feet at the start," said Bertrand. "The standard of racing is so tight now that you can't afford to throw 15 feet away, even at 24 miles."

With the Americans ahead 3-1, Alan Bond, the multimillionaire head of *Australia II*'s syndicate, must have had visions of the Cup slipping from his grasp; he had already failed in three previous challenges. "How's it looking?" he said. "It's like looking down the barrel of a shotgun. We're just going to go out and sail the race tomorrow. There's nothing else we can do."

Race 5 the next day was a melodrama in three acts. The wind from the south was blowing around 20 knots, and the seas were heavy as the boats reached the course. Approximately an hour before the start, *Liberty* broke her left jumper

strut, a shroud-bearing metal arm about 70 feet up the 80-foot mast that controls the bend in the mast's top section and provides its support. Calls for a spare jumper, seizing wire and a hacksaw were radioed to *Liberty*'s shore base and to her nearby support vessels as two crewmen, pit man Tom Rich and bowman Scott Vogel, were hoisted up the mast in boson's chairs. There they spent the next 35 minutes rocking as if attached to the arm of a giant metronome while they hacked away the old jumper and replaced it with the spare that had been delivered to *Liberty* from shore. Two minutes before the 10-minute gun, the repair job was finished. One of the crewmen was lowered to the deck, and with the other still up the mast, *Liberty* was towed to the starting line at a 12-knot clip. Two minutes into the prestart maneuvers, however, *Liberty* still did not have her job up. Her foredeck crew had torn the luff tape, which connects the sail to the forestay, of the preferred genoa and had to go below and break out another slightly smaller sail. That was Act I.

Act II began with *Liberty* being forced toward the starting line by *Australia II*. Two minutes before the gun, it looked as if the Aussies would force *Liberty* across the line early. But with 45 seconds to go, Conner escaped the trap. He tacked down the line away from *Australia II*, leaving Bertrand jammed against the buoy end of the line with too much time and too little distance. As *Australia II*'s bow slid across the line a few seconds early, Conner was off. Bertrand had to jibe around and start over with an appar-

Continued



ently devastating 37-second deficit. The radio announcers broadcasting live to Australia from the press boat could scarcely believe what they were seeing. Bruce Stannard, reporting for the Australian Broadcasting Company, might have been describing the sinking of the *Titanic*. "My God!" he cried. "The race is over now. It is absolutely disastrous for *Australia II*. All the hopes and dreams of *Australia* sink with this start." Curtain.

Act III. Four minutes up the first leg, *Liberty*'s jumper strut broke again. Rich went up the mast, but this time the repair had to be made with Kevlar sail ties and duct tape. Conner fired all right for the rest of the race on starboard tack, but the masthead fell off to leeward when *Liberty* was on port tack, and, because the top of the mast could have snapped, he had to be somewhat cautious. Thus, the Australians, wasting no sympathy, led by 23 seconds at the first mark, 1:11 at the fourth and 1:47 at the finish. Meanwhile, the Australian broadcasters, who had

earlier been plunged to the depths of despair, now rose to dizzying heights of elation. "Wake the dog, wake the children!" one of them shouted to his weary audience back home, an audience that had



Bertrand was left uncovered for eight minutes in Race 6, and during that time a wind shift enabled *Australia II* to take a big lead.

stayed up all night to listen. "This is the greatest moment in the history of Australian sport! *Australia II* is the only Australian challenger to win two races in an America's Cup, and more than that is the way she has done it." The last time any challenger had won two races was in 1934, when Great Britain's *Endeavour* met Harold Vanderbilt's *Rambou*.

Down 3-2 the Australians were not yet off the hook, but a subtle shift had occurred. Now the pressure was on *Liberty*. The Aussies had already scaled a significant peak in winning twice. *Liberty*, on the other hand, was facing failure of increasing dimension. She had already lost once by a larger margin than any defender had since the 12-meter era began in 1958. If she lost even one more race, she would have more defeats than any U.S. boat in the 132-year history of the America's Cup.

That kind of pressure may have told on Conner in Race 6. Again he beat Bertrand at the start, this time by seven seconds.

continued





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onds. But then, 18 minutes up the first leg, after crossing *Australia II*'s bow and then tacking back to sit on her wind, Conner sailed off on a long tack to the right, allowing *Australia II* to proceed untended on the left side of the course for eight minutes. During that time the wind shifted dramatically to the south, and a wind line came down the course from which *Australia II*, on the left, benefited and *Liberty*, on the right, didn't. When they crossed again, *Australia II* had a huge lead, and by the windward mark she was ahead by an astounding 2:29. "Yes, we were surprised," said Bertrand after the race, "but Dennis was obviously playing the wind shifts as we were, and he figured, I assume, that they were going to the right. We were happy to be going to the left from the signs we could see on the water."

As he approached the fourth mark at the end of the second windward leg and trailing by more than three minutes, Conner made a desperate move to save the day. With *Australia II* already around the mark and headed downwind on a spinnaker run and *Liberty* still beating to windward, Conner took off on starboard tack to intercept *Australia II* and possibly, since he had the right of way, force

contact and foul her out of the race. But Bertrand saw Conner coming, changed course to avoid him and won by 3:25.

"In yacht racing," said Bond humbly, "there are things done and things not done. That isn't done in yacht racing as far as we're concerned."

"The only chance we had of beating them was to foul them out," said Tom Whidden, *Liberty*'s tactician. "I have a feeling they thought that was ille-



After *Australia II* sailed in a clear winner on Monday, the controversial keel designed by Lexcen (far left) was finally bared for all

brain trust of the *Liberty* syndicate decided to remove almost 1,000 pounds of her ballast in an effort to make the boat faster in the light air that was predicted for Saturday—and that is *Australia II*'s favorite wind condition. "We decided to soup up a little for light air because we were hopelessly outdone by them in it," said Whidden.

Saturday dawned clear, breezy and almost cold. However, no sooner had the Twelves reached the America's Cup buoy, eight miles or so out into Rhode Island Sound, than the brisk northerly became a shifting, dying northerly and at 1:50 p.m., with the wind around four knots, the racing was postponed until Sunday. *Liberty* then signaled for a lay day, putting the Race of the Century off until Monday when, of course, the Cup was lost.

The Australians celebrated the end of America's 132-year reign long into the night. "This isn't goodbye to Newport," Bond said. "It's an open invitation to come to Perth and try to win it back." END

gal, but it's not, as long as you don't alter course to seek them out. There's a rule against that. In team-racing rules you can't go off the leg that you're on and go on another leg to get a guy. But in match racing or fleet racing you can do it."

Bond called for a lay day on Friday, which gave everybody a chance to savor the historic significance and high drama that would be the seventh and last race, scheduled for Saturday. Lexcen, meanwhile, was the Australian observer at the re-measuring of *Liberty*. The re-measuring was required because the



## He Changed Hands, As Did The Title

The toughest fight for Gerrie Coetzee has always been against self-doubt. And so, for a single frantic moment at the end of the 10th round last Friday night in the Richfield Coliseum outside Cleveland, Coetzee, blood streaming from a nasty slash over his right eye, panicked. With only two seconds remaining in the round, Coetzee's fragile right hand had sent WBA heavyweight champion Michael Dokes crashing heavily to the floor. "It's broken again," Coetzee thought as a searing pain exploded in the hand that has undergone 15 operations to repair boxing-induced injuries. "Please, God, don't let him get up." Coetzee prayed fervently. Then the bell rang, draining the 5-1 underdog from Boksburg, South Africa of the only self-confidence he has earned into any of his three WBA title fights.

"That frightening moment will be frozen in my mind forever," the 215-pound Coetzee would say later. There was Dokes, stretched out on his left side, with his right arm thrust upward as he grasped the middle strand of the ropes in the last seconds of his 9½-month reign as champion. Coetzee refused to believe it. Trouble was, he couldn't remember whether

er—under the WBA rules—a fighter could be saved by the bell. Confused and desperate, he turned to Referee Tony Perez, who was across the ring picking up the count from the timekeeper.

Only when Perez rushed to the downed Dokes, who could not muster the will to rise, and began tolling off the final five numbers, hitting 10 at 3:08 of the round, did Coetzee realize that he had won the prize he'd been pursuing since Oct. 20, 1979. That was the day he'd lost a 15-round decision to then-champion John Tate in Pretoria, South Africa. And he'd lost again on Oct. 25, 1980, when he'd been knocked out in the 13th round by Mike Weaver, Tate's successor, in Sun City, Bophuthatswana.

"We won it by two seconds," said Peter Venison, Coetzee's manager, as he studied the judges' highly curious scoring through the first nine rounds. "With his hand broken, or with him thinking it was broken, Gerrie never could have won any of the last five rounds. He would have

As Dokes was counted out in the 10th, Coetzee had cause for celebration, even though he had rebroken his right hand.





Coetzee's chopping right (far left) knocked Dokes down in the fifth, then left hooks and overhand rights further softened up the champ.



Gerrie Coetzee of South Africa depended on his left as well as his right to take away Michael Dokes's heavyweight crown **by PAT PUTNAM**

thrown the right hand, but he would have made sure he didn't hit Dokes with it. If Dokes had got up. . . ."

In a fight dominated by Coetzee in all but the third and fourth rounds, when he was regrouping after being sliced diagonally from the outer corner of his eye upward to the middle of his eyebrow by a second-round Dokes hook, the most accurate of the judges, Guy Jutras of Canada, had Dokes behind by only three points going into the 10th. The other two must have worn blindfolds: Samuel Conde of Puerto Rico had Coetzee ahead only 87-85; Fernando Viso of Venezuela had him in front by a single point.

No matter. A few days earlier Coetzee had casually dismissed any need for judges, and with a confidence he introduced like a newly found friend, he'd spoken of finding himself as a fighter at the age of 28 in the tough and gritty gyms of America. GIVE US YOUR TIRE, YOUR HUNGRY, YOUR UNCONFIDENT.

After his losses to Tate and Weaver, Coetzee said he'd realized that "if I stayed in South Africa, I would never be anything more than the heavyweight champion of South Africa. I had to find out if I could be more than that." So last year he took his family—wife Rina and their two children, Lana, now three, and Gerald, 18 months—to Bragançine, N.J.

"It was Cedric who convinced me to do

*continued*





Whether it was bionic or not, Coetzee's right had instilled enough fear in Dokes that he came into the ring looking for little else.

**COETZEE** *continued*

it," Coetzee said of his South African promoter, Cedric Kushner. "My family needed a future, things I could never give them in South Africa."

He began his American campaign in September 1982 by knocking out Stan Ward in two rounds; four months later, plagued by yet another break in his right hand, he fought a draw with Pinklon Thomas. After the fight, 28 stitches were needed to close a cut over his left eye. Then it was back to South Africa for another operation on his right hand.

Says Coetzee: "Before I fought Thomas I knew there was something wrong with the hand. They took pictures and said it was an old fracture. But the pain was there. I can't lie to myself. When I got a problem, I can't convince myself I feel good. They had to drag me into the ring; I knew something was wrong. It was like when I fought Tate. I'd just got lucky with Leon Spinks and knocked him out in June of 1979 in one round. And I mean lucky. Off of that, I got the Tate fight. I thought they were trying to get me killed. I told them, 'Hey, I'm just a little white fighter and you're throwing me in with the best in the world.' Then I got in the ring, saw this big guy and thought, 'Hey, there's no way I can win.'"

He came off the loss to Tate to score a one-round knockout of journeyman Mike Koranicki—and then he fought Weaver. "There are only two heavyweights in South Africa, and here they're telling me that one of those two, me, is one of the three or four best in the world," Coetzee says. "I don't give myself a one-percent chance. The more they tell me I can knock him out, the more I think they are trying to brainwash me. I got eyes. And I had only two sparring partners, and one of them I lose right away because I hurt his ribs. Then I have to take it easy on the other one or I won't have any."

Following the last operation on his right hand, almost eight months ago, Coetzee returned to the U.S. in search of an American trainer. In South Africa, competent boxing trainers are rarer than black voters. Angelo Dundee and Emanuel Steward were both approached; both were too busy. "Then I decided to kill two birds with one stone," said Kushner, who was also looking for a cut man.

The stone turned out to be Jackie McCoy, the Los Angeles longshoreman who managed and trained former welterweight champion Carlos Palomino. McCoy said he would have no problem working in concert with Willie Locke, the handler Coetzee had brought with

him from South Africa, and Coetzee moved temporarily to Huntington Beach, Calif., where McCoy worked on developing Coetzee's left hand, which had fallen into disuse because he had been concentrating on his so-called bionic right.

"I always had a left hand, but I never used it with the right," Coetzee said before fighting Dokes. "After I broke my right hand the first time, in 1978, I was knocking everybody out with left hooks. At first, the break was a blessing because I had to do more with my left. But then I overworked it and hurt my shoulder. An operation made that O.K., but by then I'd knocked out Spinks in one round and I went back to being right-hand crazy. Now Jackie has shown me a real nice hook, and he has me working with two hands. Dokes thinks I only have one hand. He'll learn."

Coming in at 217—six pounds lighter than in his May rematch victory over Weaver—the 25-year-old Dokes's primary battle plan was to circle to his right, to Coetzee's left, to keep away from the fabled right hand. That was fine with Coetzee, who wanted to introduce Dokes to his revamped left hand. In the first round, Coetzee banged a hard right to the body and then whacked Dokes with a hard left hook to the head. Dokes, who was undefeated at 26-0-2 compared

with Coetzee's 28-3-1, wasn't hurt, but he knew he would be if he didn't somehow neutralize this unexpected firepower from a new quarrier.

There was little deception to Coetzee's attack, he moved toward his target with tiny shuffling steps, his body fully erect in the classic European style, seeking out flaws in Dokes's defense. In the second round Coetzee caught Dokes with a hard smash to the head, an expression of enlightenment frightened Coetzee's somber face. Later he would say, "I saw how it hurt him, and I knew the fight was mine." But late in that round, Dokes cut Coetzee over the eye, and the challenger took the next two rounds off to reassess his chances.

By the fifth round, McCoy had closed the cut enough to restore Coetzee's confidence, and Coetzee ended his brief sabbatical with a very short right hand that dropped Dokes, who was more embarrassed than hurt. The right had caught Dokes as he was trying to pull away from a lunging left hook, which Coetzee was using often and well enough to keep the champ off balance.

From the sixth through the ninth rounds, Dokes seemed to be waiting for Coetzee to live up to the major criticism of his boxing talents: that he has the stamina of a half-miler trying to run a marathon. "It may have been true once that I tired in the late rounds," Coetzee said, "but it wasn't because I didn't have the stamina. It was because of the way I had to train in South Africa. Over here I was able to spar with 11 good heavyweights. In South Africa you don't have 11 heavyweights, much less 11 good ones. Here, some days, I sparred 15 or 16 rounds. And I took a stress test with a doctor in Los Angeles. When I had finished, he told me that only two or three percent of the people in the whole world had the stamina that I have."

Still, his father, Flip, had given Coetzee less than a 30% chance against Dokes. "When I heard that, I couldn't believe it," McCoy said. Later, the senior Coetzee dropped his estimate to 2%.

Coetzee shrugged and said, "My father has always been a very negative person. I guess that's where I get my pessimism. Once, when I fought Mike Schutte very early in my career, he told me that I was too young and that Schutte would destroy me. I won in 12 rounds. Then, when I signed for this fight, he told me it

would never come off. And, when it did, he gave me very little chance."

In the 10th, Coetzee made a believer of even his father. Midway through the round, he hooked Dokes hard to the ear, missed with a savage right and then caught him solidly with a left uppercut, moving him back into a corner. Three times Dokes tried desperately to tie up Coetzee, but each time Coetzee hulled his way free to get off at least one more punch.

As Dokes attempted to duck away, Coetzee hanged a right off the back of his head and then brought him back into range with a backhand sweep of his left. Dokes fell back into the same corner. A jab sailed over Dokes's right shoulder, and then a right cross slammed into the side of his head. As the champion's eyes rolled up, Coetzee stepped back. He had felt the pain of the hand giving way.

"But I thought," he would say later, "to hell with the pain. I've got him going. I've got to hit him again." Stepping in, he

crashed a right to the chin, which sent Dokes toppling semiconscious to the floor. Two seconds later the bell rang, and Coetzee's heart plunged into his stomach. He had done everything right, except to read the rule book.

The fight's aftermath was bitter-sweet for the Coetzee family. Seventeen hours later Rina, who had attended the fight, gave birth by cesarean section to their third child, a seven-pound, 12-ounce daughter, Tana. And Dr. Joek Lewin, a South African physician, determined that Coetzee had refractured his right hand between the index and middle fingers.

Meanwhile, the reaction in South Africa, where the fight was televised starting at 4:22 a.m. Saturday, was hysterical. Newspapers rushed out extra editions with six-inch-high headlines. There was jubilation in both the white and black sections of segregated Johannesburg. Government leaders, including President Marais Viljoen, Prime Minister P. W. Botha and Foreign Minister Roelof F. Botha, sent congratulatory telegrams.

"I must thank the American people, especially the black people, for being so good to me when

ever I went to Coetzee and after the fight. They accepted me as a sportsman." But would he defend his title back in South Africa?

"I want to defend my title where I won it," he said. "I want to be a people's champion, and I want to be a champion America can be proud of."

If Don King, who holds options on Coetzee's fights for as long as he holds the title, has any say, South Africa is out of the question. But a black-white championship confrontation may not be.

"In that case," said WBC heavyweight champion Larry Holmes Saturday from his home in Easton, Pa., "they might think about giving me a call about a unification fight. All they have to do is get the WBC and WBA to agree. I always said I wouldn't fight him in South Africa, but I never said I wouldn't fight him here. Not if the money is right. I've always said that there is only one real heavyweight champion. I wouldn't mind at all another chance to prove it."

END



King will be the man behind Coetzee's defenses.



## Suddenly, The 'Eyes Have It



By beating Ohio State 20-14, the Iowa Hawkeyes showed that in the Big Ten, the Big Two has become the Big Three **by JACK McCALLUM**

No longer will Father Gene Benda, one of many enthusiastic boosters of the Iowa football team, be able to use the old underdog ploy. He pulled out all the stops in his invocation at the Johnson County I-Club booster breakfast the day before last Saturday's Ohio State game: "God in heaven," Father Benda began, "we all remember David and Goliath. We remember Daniel and the lions. And we remember how Samson slew the Philistines. Father, given those examples, we hope we're not asking too much for Your assistance in helping our Hawkeyes beat the Buckeyes tomorrow."

Amen. The next afternoon in Kinnick Stadium, the Hawkeyes did indeed beat the Buckeyes. It was no David over Goliath, but rather a victory of one football giant over another, as the good Father and the rest of the college sports world

now know. The 20-14 win propelled Iowa, which is 3-0, to the No. 5 spot in SI's poll, a lofty height indeed for a team that hasn't cracked anybody's Top Five since 1960.

It also brought to an end one of college football's longest inferiority complexes: The Hawkeyes had most recently defeated Ohio State in 1962. In their last 10 meetings, between 1971 and 1980, Iowa hadn't come closer to the Buckeyes than three touchdowns, and the cumulative score over that span was Ohio State 379, Iowa 85. Even in the seasons when the teams didn't meet, the Hawkeyes were made to feel inferior. For example, because of scheduling quirks, Iowa didn't play the Buckeyes in 1981 and 1982, years that Ohio State fell one win short of making the Rose Bowl. The message from Columbus, Ohio reached Iowa City

loud and clear. You would've been that one win we needed.

The lack of respect the Hawkeyes were getting provided a ready psychological ploy for Iowa Coach Hayden Fry. Did he use it? "Only about a hundred times," said Fry before the game. Which isn't surprising because Fry doesn't miss many tricks. Since arriving in Iowa City from North Texas State in 1979, he has redesigned the Hawkeyes' uniforms to resemble the Pittsburgh Steelers'—"We needed to look like a proven winner," says Fry—and lowered the status of Herky the Hawk, Iowa's longtime mascot, in favor of the newly created and more aggressive-looking Tiger Hawk. More important, in both 1981 and '82 he guided the Hawkeyes to 8-4 records, they had last finished better than .500 in consecutive years in 1960 and '61. Best of all, in '81 and '82 Fry gave Iowa's loyal and patient fans two bowl games. Two seasons ago the Hawkeyes lost 28-0 to Washington in the Rose Bowl, and last year they beat





Herk the Hawk lives what he sees in Phillips, the Big Ten's top active career rusher.

Tennessee 28-22 in the Peach. Yes, Fry has picked up the Hawkeyes and shaken them a little, just as his second cousin, Lyndon Baines Johnson, used to do with his daughter's beagles.

Consequently, Fry, 54, a native Texan who looks something like a pistol-packing sheriff, is more popular around Iowa City than a farm subsidy program. About 800 members of the Johnson County I-Club came to that breakfast on Friday at the Highlander Inn in Iowa City to hear him speak. The proceedings began at 6:30, but folks started gathering at four to get seats. Now that's loyalty. When Fry walked into the banquet room with his wife, Shirley, he got a standing ovation. When he was introduced, he got a standing ovation. When he finished speaking, he got a standing ovation.

Even Fry's faux pas somehow become bons mots. For instance, on press day in August he was asked whether college players should receive salaries in addi-

tion to scholarships. He answered yes, noting how times had changed since his playing days at Baylor, when "you could find a little dumplin' to do your wash and then take her out to eat." Fry didn't give the comment a second thought, but the University of Iowa Chapter of Associated Professional and Faculty Women did. The organization asked university President James O. Freedman to censure Fry for "making demeaning and offending remarks which perpetuate the secondary status of women." Fry apologized, but ultimately the backlash against the women's group was stronger than its protest. The pin most favored by women at Friday's I-Club breakfast read I'M A HAWKEYE DUMPLIN'.

Fry has brought an interesting what-the-hell approach to offense that was sorely needed in Iowa City. Against Ohio State, his quarterback, Chuck Long, was still rolling out and throwing passes with the clock winding down and a 20-14

lead. Before that, a risky long pass thrown against a stiff wind won the game. "I knew you were all going to string me up if that pass had been intercepted," Fry told the press. "but everything today turned out Hawkeye."

Didn't it, though. Leading 13-7 with 4:30 remaining, Iowa faced a third-and-six at its own 27. The Buckeyes had been successful to that point in stopping the Hawkeyes' top receiver, Split End Dave Moritz, with double coverage. But with time running out and his team needing a big defensive play, Ohio State cornerback Garcia Lane had blitzed on the previous play. Fry thought the Buckeyes would blitz again, so he called for a long pass either to Moritz, who now would

continued



Fry has cooked up a 3-0 mark for Iowa.



Time and again Hawkeye defenders like George Little (77) and Tony Wackett (92) clawed at or soared over the beleaguered Tomczak...

#### IOWA-OHIO STATE *continued*

be single-covered by the other corner, Shaun Gayle, or to Ronnie Harmon, who also would be getting one-on-one coverage. Lane blitzed. Harmon was covered and Moritz ran by Gayle. He took Long's throw and ran a serpentine route to the goal line to elude the faster Gayle. The 73-yard TD gave Iowa a 20-7 lead. Ohio State came back to score two minutes later on a 67-yard drive, but an interception by Hawkeye Safety Devon Mitchell with 22 seconds to go snuffed out the Buckeyes' last threat.

The touchdown pass, Long's second of

the afternoon, was the decisive strike as he won his mini-battle with Ohio State Quarterback Mike Tomczak. They entered the game ranked first (Tomczak) and third (Long) in the country in passing efficiency, thanks largely to excellent performances the previous week. Tomczak had completed 15 of 25 throws for two touchdowns in Ohio State's 24-14 win at Oklahoma, while Long had merely broken a school record by throwing for 345 yards in Iowa's 42-34 victory at Penn State. Furthermore, their careers bear striking similarities. Both had played high school football in suburban Chicago. Both had become starters last

season as sophomores, and both had stumbled during the year and were temporarily benched. Both then came on strong at the end of 1982.

Though he can throw long or short, Long is hardly a classic drop-back passer because he often delivers the ball in what he calls "a three-quarters motion," that is, not completely overhand, not completely sidearm. It's somewhat of a slingshot style, making him perhaps the David element in Father Brenda's invocation. "Maybe it came from being a baseball pitcher," says Long. "I never overpowered people to get them out. I was more of a junkballer." There's nothing junky about his preparation, though. Before spring practice of his freshman year, he actually studied films of previous Iowa spring practices to pick up his own team's defensive tendencies. "That's who I'm going to be playing against," Long said. The extra work helped him win the starting job for '82.

He was equally heady against the Buckeyes. Noticing on the first series that Ohio State was double-covering Moritz and Harmon, Long went 23 yards down the middle to his wide-open tight end, Mike Hufford, who hadn't caught a pass in Iowa's first two victories. That gain led to a 25-yard Tom Nichol field goal and a 3-0 lead seven minutes into the game. Then, with Iowa trailing 7-3 early in the third period, Long used his head again. First, he found Hufford unattended and completed a 16-yarder to him that gave the Hawkeyes a first down at



... or swooped down on him en masse, holding the quarterback to only 13 completions.

*continued*

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#### IOWA-OHIO STATE *continued*

the Buckeye 18. On second down from the 16, he caught Ohio State in an alignment that seemed to indicate the Buckeyes would again ignore Hufford. At the line Long called for a "Y Middle," a simple route that sent Hufford straight down the field. "As soon as I looked up and saw what coverage they were in, I knew it was a touchdown if Chuck got the ball to me," said Hufford. He did, it was, and Iowa led 10-7.

Long didn't get much out of his running backs (89 yards), primarily because Iowa's leading rusher going into the game, Owen Gill, was bothered by a sore shoulder and finished with only 22 yards on 11 carries. Though Ohio State deserves much of the credit for shutting down Iowa's ground game, Gill wasn't healthy enough to live up to the nickname, Baby Bull, that his teammates had given him in recognition of his hard running. However, Gill's absence did point to a depth uncharacteristic of the Hawkeyes. They still have Eddie Phillips at tailback, who's merely the leading career rusher (1,697 yards on 355 carries) among current Big Ten backs; and Norm Granger, whose key 16-yard run preceded Long's scoring pass to Hufford. Granger gives the Hawkeyes' tailback speed in fullback. At wide receiver, Iowa has both Montz and the speedy Harmon, who turned an apparent incompleteness into a 27-yard gain with a remarkable one-handed recovery of a Long pass that had bounced out of his hands.

On defense, it's the same story—better athletes who are making plays that Iowa didn't used to make. One series in the fourth quarter illustrated that well. On first down Tomczak found Flanker Ce-



Mike Yacullo got one of Iowa's three interceptions.

dric Anderson in the clear, but Hawkeye cornerback Nate Creer jarred the ball loose to force an incompleteness. Creer is part of the pipeline from Linden High School in Brooklyn that also brought Gill and Mitchell to Iowa City.

On second down Tomczak found his big tight end, John Frank, who may be the best in the country, open, but Linebacker Larry Station jammed Frank and the ball fell incomplete. Station, who had a school-record 19 tackles against Penn-

Montz (5) scored on a 73-yard pass, beating Gayle, who couldn't cover him alone.

Slate, is a rare Omaha blue-chipper who didn't go to Nebraska, he didn't want to be redshirted. As a freshman last year he led the Hawkeyes in tackles despite starting only five games. He also chose Iowa because he liked its computer-science department. He worked on an Apple system in high school, and he uses his own apple on the field, calling the defensive signals despite being only a sophomore.

On third down Tomczak was flushed out of the pocket and appeared headed for a first-down scramble before he was hauled down from behind by Tackle Paul Hufford. Mike's brother. Three years ago Hufford had torn virtually all the ligaments and cartilage in his right knee during a high school wrestling match, an injury that took 18 months to rehabilitate. "I cannot express the amazement I feel over the fact that Paul Hufford is even playing," says Fry. Ohio State had to punt, and on the next series Long threw his decisive bomb to Montz. Three downs, three exceptional defensive plays by three players who not many years ago probably wouldn't have seriously considered going to Iowa.

Fry has attracted so many high-quality athletes that now, year in and year out, the Hawkeyes may have the depth to make the Big Ten a Big Three instead of the Big Two (Ohio State and Michigan) it was throughout the '70s. Certainly Fry has made good on the promise he made upon arriving in Iowa City, which was to "plow up a few snakes and kill them." One of those snakes was the image of the Hawkeyes as losers. After all, only two seasons' back someone asked then Iowa Quarterback Gordy Bohannon why he had left home in California to come to Iowa. Bohannon answered, "In life, we all have to make sacrifices." This year, playing for Iowa is liable to be more a celebration than a sacrifice.

END

# Memories Made

Johnny Bench was having fun, and Carl Yastrzemski wasn't.

Late this summer the two men came to the last days of the last year of their magnificent careers, and the contrast in their moods was the final, ineluctable fact of the matter, just as it's cold fact that Johnny Lee Bench, 35, after nearly 16 full seasons with the Cincinnati Reds, owns two World Series championship rings and that Carl Michael Yastrzemski, 44, after nearly 23 years of playing for the Boston Red Sox, does not own any.

On the afternoon of a day off in Cleveland, Yastrzemski sat in the near-empty bar of the Hollenden House, pouring bottles of beer into glasses filled with ice cubes. At that moment, Yaz had played in 3,291 games of big league ball, only seven shy of Henry Aaron's alltime record, which Yaz would soon break; had 11,928 at bats; had scored 1,813 runs; had 3,408 hits, including 2,253 singles, 645 doubles and 451 home runs; had 1,840 RBIs; had 5,524 total bases; had earned seven Gold Gloves in left; had been named to 18 All-Star Games; played in two World Series; and was a cinch for the Hall of Fame, but . . .

"I never had any fun at the game," Yastrzemski said, referring to something that writer Roger Angell of *The New Yorker* had been quoted recently as saying. "He said he'd interviewed me, and it never appeared that I enjoyed the game. He probably hit it right on the head. I had to work so hard. It's a funny thing to say. I loved the game. I loved the competition. But I never had any fun. I never enjoyed it. All hard work all the time. I let the game dominate me. It ate me up inside. I could never leave it at the ball park. I thought, as I got older, it would be easier, but it got harder as I got older because then I had more to prove. . . ."

"More?" his listener blurted incredulously.

"When you're young and going bad, they say, 'He's having an off year, he's just in a slump.' But as you get older, they say, 'Oh, he's all done; he's through.' I thought as I got older, maybe, it would be nice to play the game just to have some fun and say, 'Screw it, I don't need the money,' so if I had the bad year I could quit. It never came about. As I got older, everybody kept watching for me to stumble one time. I wish to hell I could have left it at the ball park!"

And, since wishes are free: "I wish I could have played for 23 years at Ted Williams' size [6' 3", 205 pounds]. I was 5' 11½", about 185 pounds. When I went to hitting home



# Are Of This

Two of baseball's greats, Boston's Carl Yastrzemski and Cincinnati's Johnny Bench, are calling it quits

by WILLIAM NACK

runs in 1967, it took a whole change. It got to a point where I had to be a perfectionist at the game, where I couldn't make a mistake because of my size. Everything had to be perfect. Absolutely perfect. I wish I'd had Williams' ability."

Two days later this man who never had fun playing the game came to the plate in the third inning against Rick Sutcliffe, an Indian right-hander, with Boston leading 3-2 and Wade Boggs on second base. As in other cities he was visiting for the last time, the crowd gave him a standing O as he came to the plate, but he didn't acknowledge it. No disrespect intended, of course, only: "I appreciate the tremendous ovations. But when you step out of the box and tip your hat, that sort of breaks your concentration. Once I leave that on-deck circle, I want to go. Let's get it going."

He got it going on a 1-0 pitch. With the clean, quick stroke that has been a Yastrzemski trademark, he drove the ball on a line to rightfield, where it landed in the seats about 380 feet away. Grimly, he trotted around the bases and, head down, made for the bench. The fans stood clapping. Without raising his head, he disappeared into the dugout.

Before the season, many of the clubs in the American League had called the Red Sox to inquire about having Yastrzemski Days, about what kind of gifts to give him, just as National League clubs were calling Cincinnati to ask about celebrations for Bench.

Yaz wanted nothing. He would accept no gifts, make no speeches. "They've thanked me enough over 23 years," he said. "The clubs always gave me the field on afternoons when I needed to hit. They didn't have to do anything else. It's just not me, as far as gifts are concerned. And I didn't want to disrupt the club in any way. I didn't want a Day in each town. They always have those things half an hour before game time, and that's when I start loosening up, doing my exercises, getting mentally involved in the game. At five

*continued*

When they met in the '75 World Series, Yaz hit .310, but Bench caught a championship.



YAZ AND BENCH *continued*

o'clock, I start psyching myself up. My little's very important to me."

As Yaz withdrew, Bench went on a kind of national tour, doffing his helmet and waving, hawking and blowing kisses and saying thank you while the crowds stood in salute and the girls descended on him—cowboy boots, a golf cart, a Ford Bronco, a gold-plated putter, a shotgun, a bronze statue of a horse and cowboy, a clock, plaques, a ruby-encrusted silver plate, a rocking chair and what all. There have been Johnny Bench Days and Nights in eight cities.

"The people have been so fantastic," he says. "In my career I played every game with my head on the field, not in the stands. I played hard. You didn't real-

ly have a lot of fun. Catching, I was so mentally involved in the game, I closed everything out, but I never took it home. I knew how to turn it on and off. Now it's nice to have the freedom of being able to look around and smell the flowers. The fans recognize all the work I've put in. It makes it all worthwhile."

Yastrzemski does not know exactly when he decided finally to retire—in fact, there were occasional reports that he was reconsidering the decision, though he scotched them. Bench, however, not only recalls the day of his decision precisely, but since then he has also been like a prisoner counting the days until parole. He made up his mind to quit late on Tuesday morning, May 17. The Reds were in Pittsburgh, and Bench was lying on his bed in his Hilton Hotel room, waiting to go to the Fulton Theatre with Pitcher Tom Hume to see *Blue Thunder*.

The Reds had just dropped four straight to San Francisco, and Bench felt frustrated and drained. "The enthusiasm just wasn't there," he says. "I wasn't enjoying the prospect of going to the ball park. I was hitting 320 or something and playing third base, but I wasn't doing things the way I wanted. This club is still a couple of years away from being a contender, and I couldn't see two more years. I guess I was spoiled by the winning in the '70s. You've got to be a realist. You've got to know there will be a time when you can't do it. We had the draft coming up, the trading deadline was coming up, and I wanted the club to know what I was going to do so the guys in the front office could make decisions on young people."

Hume was the first to know. Bench told him after the movie, as they walked to Three Rivers Stadium for that night's game. "I've decided this is my last year," Bench told him. Hume did not believe it. "You're kidding," he said.

No, he wasn't. So Bench quit, turning his back on the final two years of a three-year contract worth \$3 million. "I could push it and take the money," he said at the time, "but I wouldn't feel right about it." So for him at least, the fun began, with Bench sitting there on the wood, watching and even playing now and then, as a first baseman, third baseman, pinch

In 23 years, Yaz has a .285 average, 452 home runs, 1,843 RBIs and four SI covers

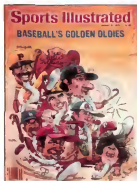


hitter and, one more time, as a catcher. On Sept. 17, Johnny Bench Night at Riverfront Stadium in Cincinnati, he strapped on the gear for the last time. If his fire had died, his gift for the dramatic had not.

The Astros were in town. Signs hung everywhere: CATCH YAZ IN CLOUTS-TOWNS, A.R. read one of them. A stand was rigged up behind second base. There were speeches, songs, a parade of guests and more standing O's. Bench loved it.

The party lasted so long that he never had a chance to warm up. He looked nervous and unsteady, especially in the second inning, after Houston's Jose Cruz singled and then stole second. Bench didn't even make a throw on Cruz. He'd been unable to get the ball out of his glove. The silence was awkward—which made his appearance at the plate in

*continued*





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In 16 seasons, Bench has a .267 average, 389 homers, 1,374 RBIs and six SI covers.

#### YAZ AND BENCH *continued*

the third inning all the more electric.

The Reds were down 2-0 with Paul Householder on first. Bench was the tying run. Pitcher Mike Madden, ahead 1 and 0 in the count, offered a fastball down the pipe. Bench ripped it, sending it on a low line over the fence in left for a home run. The ball just missed hitting a sign that said GOD LOVE HIM. Bench raised his right hand in the air as he circled the bases. Coming home, he leaped in the air to give Householder a high-five. The whole house rocked. "The greatest night in my life," Bench said.

On the date Bench was honored in Cincinnati, Yastrzemski went 0 for 4 at Fenway Park, but it was his 3,299th

game—the record breaker. By then, plans were already under way for a Yaz Day at Fenway, Oct. 1. When Yastrzemski found out that Bench's celebration had lasted nearly an hour, he was horrified. "We aren't going to make a big deal out of mine, are we?" he asked. "We can do it in five or 10 minutes, can't we?"

In their times, Bench and Yaz were two of the most productive hitters in baseball, defensive players without peer, and both were men who played hurt as much as not. And each played for the same team throughout his career. All of which, in Yaz's case, has obscured the fact that he almost didn't make it. He was a minor league phenom—he hit .377 at

Raleigh in 1959, .339 at Minneapolis in 1960—but there was no way any man could start in leftfield for Boston in 1961 and measure up. That was the year after Ted Williams had retired. "They were comparing me with the greatest hitter ever to play the game," Yastrzemski says. The weight of that was overwhelming. "It almost broke me," he recalls. "I struggled the first 2½ months. You start having doubts: 'Can I play in the big leagues?' I was hitting about .220. Finally, I said to myself, 'You're not Ted Williams.' I started hitting the way I could hit. I think that was probably the best thing ever to happen to me over the 23 years. It toughened me so, mentally. No pressure ever bothered me again."

Nothing could shield him, however.

*continued on page 73*



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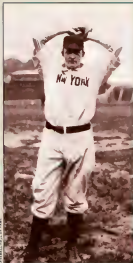
**RCA**



# TWO THOUSAND



# 1905


PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM HANCOCK

Christopher Mathewson

"Christy," "Big Six"

B: 8/12/1880, Factoryville, Pa.

D: 10/7/25, Saranac Lake, N.Y.

TR, BR; 6' 1½", 195

Begin pro career 1899

NY NL (1900-16), Cin NL (1916)

1908: 37-11, 1.43, 259K

Career: 373-188, 2.13, 2,511K

4 WS: 5-5, 1.15, 48K

Managed Cin NL (1916-18)

Hall of Fame (1936)

#### ABBREVIATIONS:

B (Born)

D (Died)

TR (Throws Right-handed)

BR (Bats Right-handed)

NL (National League)

AL (American League)

FL (Federal League)

1908 (Best Year)

37-11 (Win-Loss)

1.43 (Earned Run Average)

259K (Strikeouts)

WS (World Series)

**B**aseball in the summer is a hazy vision that fades in and out of hot-dog afternoons, extra-inning evenings and box-score mornings. The focus sharpens in October. Attention rivets on the World Series. And, if "75% of baseball is pitching" as Connie Mack once suggested, much of our attention belongs to the men who work from the 10-inch hill in the middle of the infield. World Series pitching heroes are as varied as the game itself. They have been young and old, fat and slim, hard drinkers and clean livers. And, one was perfect.

**W**ell bred and intelligent, he had been president of his class at Bucknell. Strikingly handsome, he was gracious as well as graceful. At 6' 1½", 195 pounds, Christy Mathewson was Frank Merriwell in the flesh, a gentleman in a game of ruffians. He would not play on Sundays, but the rest of the week the New York Giant right-hander was as good as any pitcher who has ever thrown a baseball.

In 1905, at age 25, Mathewson won 31 games, the third of four seasons he would win 30 or more. He also pitched the second of his two no-hitters. Sharing most of the pitching chores with Joe McGinnity, Mathewson led the Giants to their second straight National League pennant. In 1904, pugnacious League Manager John McGraw had disdained to play Boston, the pennant winner in the lightly regarded "junior circuit." He relented the following year and even had special uniforms of black broadcloth made just for the Series with Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics. The pitching-rich A's had lost their star southpaw, Rube Waddell, several weeks before the Series when he injured his left shoulder in some post-game roughhousing. But Philadelphia still had Eddie Plank and Chaez Bender, both future Hall of Famers, as well as Andy Coakley, who was 20-7 that year.

Mathewson met Plank in the opener at Philadelphia's Shibe Park and won, 3-0, allowing four hits. The next day in New York, Bender shut down the Giants, 3-0. Rain postponed the third

game and McGraw decided to come back with Mathewson in Philadelphia. The Giants pounded nine hits and the Philadelphia defense committed five errors as New York steamrolled the A's, 9-0. Mathewson was again brilliant. He allowed just four hits, struck out eight and masterfully mixed fastballs, curves and changeups with his famed "fadeaway," Christy's version of a screwball.

The next day, Friday the 13th, McGinnity stymied the A's 1-0 on five hits. Mathewson was then called upon to patch with one day of rest. Ironically, it was his partner, McGinnity, who was dubbed "Iron Man." For this Series, at least, Mathewson wrested that title from McGinnity when he shut out the A's for the third time in six days to give the Giants their first world championship. Mathewson yielded six hits and beat Bender, 2-0. As he had in the first game, he walked no one. In all, Christy pitched 27 innings, gave up 14 hits, struck out 18 and, incredibly, walked only one. Mathewson's pitching performance has never been equalled.



# 1918



REUTERS, GALT OF PARIS

**George Herman-Ruth**  
"Babe"  
B: 2/6/1895, Baltimore, Md.  
D: 8/16/48, New York, N.Y.  
TL, BL: 6' 2", 215  
Began pro career 1914  
Bos AL (1914-19),  
NY AL (1920-34), Bos NL (1935)  
(P) 1916: 23-12, 1.75, 170K  
(B) 1921: .378, 59 HR, 170 RBIs  
Career (P): 94-46, 2.28, 488K  
Career (B): .342, 714 HR,  
2,204 RBIs,  
2 WS (P): 3-0, 0.87, 8K  
10 WS (B): .326, 15 HR, 33 RBIs  
Hall of Fame (1936)

**ABBREVIATIONS:**

TL (Throws Left-handed)  
BL (Bats Left-handed)  
(P) (Pitching)  
(B) (Battling)  
.342 (Batting Average)  
HR (Home Runs)  
RBIz (Runs Batted In)

**B**abe Ruth always seemed larger than life, but this was especially true in the World Series. Twice he hit three home runs in a single Series game. He "called his shot" off Chicago Cub Pitcher Charlie Root in the 1932 Series. But for all the autumnal fanfare the Sultan of Swat started with a bat, he first left his name in the Series record book as a pitcher. Pitching for the Boston Red Sox in 1916 against Brooklyn, he gave up one run in the first inning of the second game, then shut out the Dodgers for 15 innings to win 2-1.

Two years later he was trying to help the Red Sox win their fifth Series. Because of World War I, the provost marshal ordered the major leagues to end their seasons by Labor Day. But the Red Sox and the Cubs were granted a special dispensation to play the World Series in September.

The Babe was starting his transition to the outfield by 1918. He played in 95 games, pitching in just 20, and batted .300 with a league-leading 11 homers. The pitching strategy of Cub Manager Fred Mitchell was designed to keep Ruth out of the outfield and the lineup. He chose to start left-handers Jim Vaughn and George Tyler through the entire Series. His stratagem worked—sort of. For the most part it kept the left-handed Ruth out of the outfield, but not off the mound. Babe was chosen to start the opener. The Cubs loaded the bases with two outs in the first, but Ruth ended the inning by getting Charlie Pick to fly out. In the sixth, the Cubs put runners on second and third. Boston Manager Ed Barrows had Joe Bush warm up in the rightfield bullpen, but there he stayed. Ruth again in-

duced a batter to fly out to left. Boston's one run in the fourth held up and Ruth won the first 1-0 Series game in 13 years.

The teams split the next two games and moved to Boston where Ruth started Game 4 and, with 22½ straight scoreless innings behind him, challenged Mathewson's record of 28½. In the fourth, the Babe hit a two-run triple to right center, and in the seventh he broke the record. The Cubs finally scored in the eighth, tying the game with two runs on two hits. The Sox went back ahead in the bottom of the eighth and Bush came on in the ninth to preserve the Babe's second win. Boston won the Series the next day. Babe had pitched 29½ consecutive scoreless innings, a Series record that stood for 43 years.



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# 1926



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**Grover C. Alexander  
"Pete"**

B: 2/26/1887, St. Paul, Neb.  
D: 11/4/50, St. Paul, Neb.  
TR, 8R, 6'1", 185  
Began pro career 1909  
Phil NL (1911-17),  
Chi NL (1918-26),  
St. L NL (1926-29),  
Phil NL (1930)  
1915: 31-10, 1.22, 241K  
Career: 373-208, 2.56, 2,198K  
3 WS: 3-2, 3.56, 29K  
Hall of Fame (1938)

**A**s the autumn shadows crawled across the Yankee Stadium outfield in the seventh game of the 1926 Series, St. Louis Cardinal Manager Rogers Hornsby walked from his position at second base to ask starter Jesse Haines how he felt. The Cardinals led the Yankees 3-2 with two out in the bottom of the seventh, but New York had loaded the bases and Tony Lazzeri was the hitter. The Yankee second baseman had driven in 114 runs that season, more than anyone in the American League except Babe Ruth. Haines, a knuckleballer, told Hornsby that his fingers were blistered. "I can throw the fastball but not the knuckler," he said. Hornsby decided to lift him. Art Reinhart and Herman Bell were already warming up, but Hornsby called for Ol' Pete, the 39-year-old Grover Cleveland Alexander.

Alexander, waived by the Cubs in late June because of a drinking prob-

lem, had won nine games to help the Cards reach the Series. He had also won the second game of the Series, 6-2, retiring the last 21 Yankees in a row. He had had an even easier time of it in Game 6, winning 10-2. Believing his work was done after the second win, Pete had celebrated in his accustomed style. Prohibition was no bar. Nonetheless, he shuffled in from the pen.

"I can see him yet, walking in from the leftfield bullpen through the gray mist," Cardinal Third Baseman Les Bell recalled years later. "The Yankee fans recognized him right off and you didn't hear a sound from anywhere in Yankee Stadium as they sat still and watched him."

Alexander always moved at an unhurried pace, but his walk from leftfield was even more deliberate than usual. Pete made sure Lazzeri, a 22-year-old rookie, had sufficient time to absorb the pressure. He took the ball

from Hornsby and threw, easily, four warmup pitches. He declared himself ready.

His first pitch was a low fastball that missed but he came back with a hummer for a called strike. Lazzeri jumped on the next pitch, a high inside fastball, driving it down the leftfield line, a home run if it stayed fair. It didn't. Alexander then threw a low curve that broke away from Lazzeri, who swung and missed.

Alexander set the Yankees down in order in the eighth and retired the first two batters in the ninth. Up stepped Ruth—and Alexander walked him on a 3-2 pitch. Bob Meusel came to bat with a chance to win the Series but Ruth, inexplicably, tried to steal second. Catcher Bob O'Farrell gunned him down, and Alexander was primed for another celebration.



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All-Star third baseman*



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# 1929



Howard Jonathan Ehmke  
B: 4/24/1894, Silver Creek, N.Y.  
D: 3/17/59, Philadelphia, Pa.  
TR, BR: 6' 3", 190  
Began pro career 1914  
Buf FL (1915),  
Det AL (1916-17, 1919-22),  
Bro AL (1923-26),  
Phil AL (1926-30)  
1919: 17-10, 3.18, 79K  
Career: 167-166, 3.75, 1,030K  
1 WS: 1-0, 1.42, 13K

One day late in the 1929 season, Philadelphia A's Manager Connie Mack summoned Howard Ehmke to his office at Shibe Park in Philadelphia. "Howard," Mack said to the 35-year-old pitcher, "the time has come for us to part."

Poor Howard. He had played on a string of rotten teams before coming to the A's in 1926. The A's were about to wrap up the American League pennant and he was being cast off. "Mr. Mack," said the righthander, "I have always wanted to pitch in a World Series. Mr. Mack, there is one great game left in this old arm." He had said exactly what Mack had hoped he would. Mack told Ehmke to scout the Cubs, who, like the A's, were running away with their pennant. He also told Ehmke to get ready for the opening game of the World Series.

When Ehmke scouted the Cubs, he wasn't missed. On a staff with younger

pitching stars such as Lefty Grove, George Earnshaw and Kube Walberg, Ehmke gathered bullpen dust. Though he had a 7-2 record in '29, Ehmke threw only 54½ innings and had just two complete games. But Mack figured his off-speed stuff would unsettle the fastball-hitting Cubs.

No one else found out about the surprise starting assignment until 20 minutes before the Series opener. The Cubs must have been as puzzled as Ehmke's teammates. Chicago featured Second Baseman Rogers Hornsby, who had hit .380 with 40 homers and 149 RBIs. The hard-hitting Cub outfield had Kiki Cuyler (.360 in 1929) in left, Hack Wilson (.345) in center and Riggs Stephenson (.302) in right.

Ehmke was devastating. He struck out Cuyler and Stephenson in the second. In the third, with runners on second and third, Ehmke fanned Hornsby and Wilson to end the inning. Ehmke finished the sixth by striking out Charlie Root and Norm McMillan, then

rolled through the seventh, fanning Woody English, Hornsby and Wilson, his fifth straight victim.

Ehmke was not overpowering. He mixed an occasional fastball into his assortment of curves and changeups. A's First Baseman Jimmie Foxx homered in the seventh for the game's first run. The A's added two in the ninth and Ehmke entered the bottom of the inning with a 3-0 lead. The cracks started showing. An error and two singles sent one run in and left runners on first and third with two outs. Pinch-hitter Chick Tolson worked the count full. Ehmke then fired a fastball that Tolson swung at—and missed. After fanning 19 during the regular season, Ehmke had struck out a Series record 15 in this one game, a mark that would stand for 24 years. The 3-1 victory sent the A's on their way to a five-game Series win.

For Howard Ehmke, the opener was no doubt his sweetest major league win. It was also his last.

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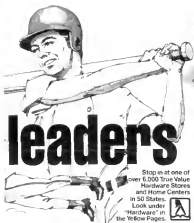
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# 1940



Louis Norman Newsom  
"Bobo"

B: 8/11/07, Hartsville, S.C.

D: 12/7/62, Orlando, Fla.

TR, BR: 6' 3", 200

Began pro career 1928

Bkn NL (1929-30), Chi NL (1932),

St. L. AL (1934-35),

Wash AL (1935-37),

Bos AL (1937), St. L. AL (1938-39),

Det AL (1939-41), Wash AL (1942),

Bkn NL (1942-43), St. L. AL (1943),

Wash AL (1943), Phil AL (1944-46),

Wash AL (1946-47), NY AL (1947),

NY NL (1948), Wash AL (1952),

Phil AL (1952-53)

1940: 21-5, 2.83, 164K

Career: 211-222, 3.98, 2,082K

2 WS: 2-2, 2.86, 17K

**B**obo Newsom drove a custom-built car with a "bo-bo" horn and his name in what looked like foot-high, gold-leaf letters on the dashboard. The rotund righthander was a showboat, and the show was always on the road—he exchanged uniforms 17 times among nine teams in a 20-year career. After his first nine seasons, however, Newsom had not been in a World Series. He vowed that would change in 1940 as he started his first full season with Detroit.

"The Yanks are a bunch of softies who have scared everybody except Old Bobo half to death," he said. "All we need to win the pennant is some extra good pitching and I'll supply that."

He did, winning 13 straight at one point and finishing the season 21-5 as the Tigers won the pennant. Chosen to pitch the Series opener, Newsom brought his ailing 68-year-old father, Henry, up from South Carolina to Cincinnati for the game. The senior Newsom had seen his son pitch professionally just once, and Newsom promised to make the trip worthwhile. "Yeah, I'll outpitch Paul Derringer," he said.

True to his word, Newsom stopped the Reds on eight hits and the Tigers won 7-2. Newsom celebrated quietly with his family. His father predicted that Bobo would win another Series game, but the next morning the old man died of a heart attack. As the Tigers lost the second game 5-3, Newsom attended a simple funeral. After rejoining the Tigers, he said he would take his regular pitching turn. "Dad would have wanted it that way," he said, "and I'm going to beat them for him."

The two teams split Games 3 and 4. As Newsom approached the mound for Game 5 on a scorching Indian summer afternoon, the memory of his father burned inside. Newsom pitched wonderfully. He surrendered just three singles and allowed one runner to reach second. His teammates wracked four Reds hurlers for 13 hits. Detroit won 8-0 and took a 3-2 lead in the Series.

The locker room was unnaturally quiet after the game, the Tigers showing respect for their bereaved mate.

Newsom listlessly accepted congratulations and posed for pictures. Then he broke down. He buried his face in his hands and sobbed so hard his shoulders shook. Embarrassed, he arose and took refuge in the trainer's room. When he reappeared, he said, "I hope he knows up there what I was doing. I did it for Dad. I was bearing down all the way because I knew he wanted me to win."

The Series returned to Cincinnati where the Reds won the sixth game. For the finale, the Tigers once again sent Newsom out. Detroit nicked Derringer for a run in the third and, after a while, that looked as if it might be enough. Newsom gave up just four hits in the first six innings, using 57 pitches to set the Reds down.

But Cincinnati smashed Newsom's first two pitches in the seventh for doubles, tying the game. A sacrifice bunt and a sacrifice fly scored a second run, and that was enough to beat him 2-1.

"Bobo sure would have liked to win that one," Newsom said afterward.

"For your father?" a reporter asked.

"No," he answered, "for Bobo."



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1956


**Donald James Larsen**  
**"Don"**

**B:** 8/7/29, Michigan City, Ind.  
**Resides:** Morgan Hill, Cal.  
**TR, BR:** 6' 4", 215  
**Began pro career** 1947  
**St. L. AL** (1953), **Balt AL** (1954),  
**NY AL** (1955-59),  
**KC AL** (1960-61), **Chi AL** (1961),  
**SF NL** (1962-64),  
**Hous NL** (1964-65),  
**Balt AL** (1965), **Chi NL** (1967)  
**1955:** 9-2, 3.06, 44K  
**Career:** 81-91, 3.78, 849K  
**5 WS:** 4-2, 2.75, 24K

**R**ighthander Don Larsen was an unlikely candidate for either pitching perfection or World Series immortality. He was better known for partying than pitching—he was 3-21 with Baltimore in 1954. He was also pretty good with the bat, setting a pitcher's record in 1955 with seven straight hits. Though Larsen had gone 11-5 as a Yankee during the '56 season, in the second game of the World Series he had been wild, walking four and failing to last the second inning despite a six-run lead.

Larsen, who had found success with a new no-windup delivery in late September, stymied the Dodgers with it in the fifth game, through seven innings not one of the Bums had reached first base. As Larsen returned to the bench after the top of the seventh, he was well aware that six men separated him from baseball history. Larsen said to Yankee Centerfielder Mickey Mantle, "There are only two innings to go and we're looking good." Mantle, instilled with the baseball superstition that it is bad

luck to talk about a no-hitter before it is finished, walked away. Though the Yankees were ahead, 2-0, the New York dugout was nervously quiet.

Larsen had had little trouble with the Dodgers to that point. Only Shortstop Pee Wee Reese, back in the first inning, had worked Larsen to as many as three balls. In the third, Jackie Robinson lined a screamer that skipped off Third Baseman Andy Carey's glove, but Shortstop Gil McDougald grabbed the ball and threw him out. Mantle made a breathtaking backhanded catch of Gil Hodges' drive to left center in the fifth. And Sandy Amoros in the fifth launched a cannon shot toward the rightfield seats that veered foul at the last second. In the eighth, Robinson bounced back to the box, Hodges lined to Carey and Amoros fled to Mantle. Three outs to go.

In the ninth, Pitcher Rip Coleman, Larsen's roommate on the road, paced back and forth in the tunnel near the dugout. The crowd hushed as Larsen pitched to Carl Furillo. The Brooklyn

outfielder lofted a fly to Hank Bauer in right. Roy Campanella followed by grounding out to second.

Only Dale Mitchell, batting for Sal Maglie, was left. "I was so weak in the knees out there in the ninth," Larsen recalled. "My arm felt strong but my knees were wobbly and I expected to cave in out there any minute." Larsen's first pitch was outside but he came back with a slider for a called strike. Mitchell then flailed at a fastball. Larsen took the throw from Catcher Yogi Berra, turned, removed his hat and rubbed his brow. He picked up the rosin bag and rubbed his hand on his thigh. He set. He threw. Mitchell swung, and fouled it back. Berra signaled for another fastball. Larsen mumbled a prayer and threw. Mitchell swung halfway and thought better of it. Home Plate Umpire Babe Pinelli didn't. His arm signaled strike three—his last call ever as a home plate umpire. Just 27, Don Larsen would now live forever.



# 1957



Selva Lewis Burdette Jr.  
"Lou"

B: 11/22/26, Nitro, W. Va.  
Resides: Longboat Key, Fla.  
TR, BR: 6' 2", 180  
Began pro career 1947  
NY AL (1950), Bos NL (1951-52),  
Mil NL (1953-63),  
St. L NL (1963-64),  
Chi NL (1964-65), Phil NL (1965),  
Cal AL (1966-67)  
1958: 20-10, 2.91, 113K  
Career: 203-144, 3.66, 1,074K  
2 WS: 4-2, 2.92, 25K

**A**s Lou Burdette emerged from the visitors' dugout to pitch the final game of the 1957 Series, everyone in Yankee Stadium could appreciate the irony. The Braves' 30-year-old righthander had originally signed with the Yankees, played in their farm system and made his first big league appearance in Yankee Stadium. But in his first World Series appearance, just seven days before, he had beaten the Yankees, 4-2. In Game 5, he had beaten them more handily, 8-0.

Burdette had been a throw-in when the Yankees got Johnny Sain from the Braves six years earlier. After a slow first year in Boston, he had won 89 games in five seasons as a relocated Milwaukee Brave. When someone suggested before the '57 season that it was time to revise the old baseball couplet "Spahn and Sain, and pray for rain," Burdette responded, "Spahn and Burdette, better yet." Spahn, the senior member of the couplet, had been knocked out by the flu as the Series returned to New York. Burdette was asked to pitch Game 7 with two days

rest. "All I know," Burdette said, "is that I'll have all winter to rest."

After Spahn had lost the opener 3-1 to Whitey Ford, Burdette had beaten his old club to even the Series. Later, with the Series even at two games each, it was Burdette who faced the redoubtable Ford. The Yankee left-hander pitched brilliantly, giving up just six hits, all singles, and one run. But Burdette was even better, stymying the Yanks with an array of curveballs, sliders, screwballs and sinkers. It was only the second time all year that New York had been shut out.

After the Yankees tied the Series with a 3-2 victory in Game 6, Brave Manager Fred Haney called on the tired Burdette. Yankee Manager Casey Stengel countered with a well-rested Don Larsen, hero of the previous Series. But Larsen was anything but perfect this time, as a two-run double by Eddie Mathews knocked him from the box in the third. A pair of singles produced two more runs.

Burdette continued to humble the

Bronx Bombers. He allowed a pair of two-out hits in the sixth but squelched the scoring threat by getting Gil McDougald singled with one out to sin things up in the final inning. Tony Kubek then flied out, but Jerry Coleman and Tommy Byrne hit infield singles. With the bases loaded and Bill Skowron stepping to the plate, Burdette was glad Del Crandall, his battery mate, had homered in the eighth to put the Braves ahead 5-0. Skowron, one way or the other, would be the last batter Burdette faced because Haney was ready to bring in Don McMahon. Skowron ripped into a Burdette's first pitch, sending a rocket to Mathews. The third baseman deftly gloved the ball and stepped on third. Burdette was the first pitcher to start and win three games in one Series since 1920, and the first since Mathewson to throw more than one shutout. He had blanked New York for 24 straight innings. He had pulled the Braves through when their offense—they hit .209—and Spahn were both sick. He was, indeed, "better yet."

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**IT'S WORTH IT.**



1959



**Lawrence Sherry**  
"Larry"

B: 7/25/35, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Resides: Mission Viejo, Cal.  
TR, BR: 6' 2", 180  
Began pro career 1953  
LA NL (1958-63),  
Det AL (1964-67), Hous NL (1967),  
Cal AL (1968)  
1966: 8-5, 3.82, 20 Saves  
Career: 53-44, 3.67, 82 Saves  
1 WS: 2-0, 0.71, 2 Saves

**S**eldom has a World Series hero emerged from the bullpen with as improbable a background as Larry Sherry. Born with clubfeet, Sherry did not recover from corrective surgery until he was 12. Signed by the Dodgers out of high school, he never had a winning season in the minors. He was 6-1 1/2 in 1958 in the Pacific Coast League. Before the 1959 season, Sherry developed a slider. During the season, he developed control and on the Fourth of July he was called up to the Dodgers. After losing two starts, he won seven straight, all but one in relief. He then boosted the Dodgers into the Series by beating the Braves in a National League playoff with 7 1/3 innings of spotless relief.

The Go-Go Chicago White Sox beat the underdog Dodgers 11-0 in the Series opener. After falling behind 2-0 in Game 2, the Dodgers staged a four-run rally in the seventh. Sherry made his first Series appearance in the eighth, allowing one run before settling down to preserve a 4-3 win. The Series then moved to Los Angeles, the city in

which Sherry had been born and raised and learned to pitch, throwing to his brother, Norm, who became a Dodger catcher.

Don Drysdale started Game 3 for L.A. and carried a 2-0 lead into the eighth. But after surrendering back-to-back singles to open the eighth, Drysdale retired to the bench to watch Sherry—who hit the first batter, loading the bases. Sherry then induced Al Smith to ground into a double play, allowing one run to score, but L.A. was out of trouble. Sherry fanned Norm Cash, Luis Aparicio and Jim Landis in the ninth to earn his second save.

The next day, with the score tied 5-5, Sherry came on to pitch the eighth. He held the now No-Go Sox hatless and picked up his first win after Gil Hodges hit a solo homer in the eighth.

Sherry, only 24, was making it look easy. "I want the opportunity," he said later. "I'm anxious to pitch." He grabbed the ball from Alston with a

zeal that approached arrogance.

In Game 5 he took a breather, appearing only as a ninth-inning pinch-hitter and grounding out. The Sox won and the Series swung back to Chicago. In Game 6 the Dodgers built an 8-0 lead entering the bottom of the fourth. Starter Johnny Podres yielded a three-run homer and walked the following batter. Bring out the Sherry, please. Sherry loaded the bases, but got Aparicio to fly out to end the inning. From there on, he strung together zeroes.

The Dodgers won 9-3 to give the West Coast its first Series champ. And no one was more responsible than the young man from the Coast, who pitched 12 1/3 innings and allowed just eight hits and one run. He finished every game the Dodgers won, a Series first, winning two and saving two.

**by HAROLD ROSENTHAL**



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from the silent torture of playing for the Red Sox in the early 1960s. He batted .321 in 1963 and led the league in hitting—he was a line-drive hitter to the alleys back then—but so what? “I was always discouraged,” he says. “I’m the most optimistic person in the world, but when spring training started I knew we had no chance. The games we finished behind! The clubhouse was so quiet. I sat by my locker, all alone all the time. It was terrible. You played for small crowds, the fans were unhappy, you were embarrassed to be a member of the team. Other teams were laughing at us from the bench.”

The laughter stopped in 1967, the year of Yaz. That winter he had worked out like a prizefighter, hitting a speed bag and jumping rope, swinging a lead bat and raising weights attached to pulleys. “It was the first time I really worked out hard during the off-season,” he says. And he became a power-hitting pull hitter by getting more of his hips into his swing. He became the game’s dominant figure.

Has anyone played better than Yaztrzemski did during the last five weeks of that year? He won games in the field and at the plate. By then, he was playing the Green Monster like a fiddle, quite literally by ear. The bottom 15 feet was then cement. “When you heard it hit the cement wall, you stayed back a ways because it came off there hard,” he says. “Above the cement, you had squares of tin with rivets in them. If the ball hit the tin, it made a thud, and the ball dropped straight down. If it hit the rivets, it could do anything, come straight down, shoot to the side.”

During the last two weeks of the season, with Boston in a four-way fight for the pennant, Yaztrzemski hit .523, with five home runs and 15 RBIs. His last two games, against Minnesota in Fenway Park, he went 7 for 8. The Red Sox had to win both to win the pennant. “I never slept for both those nights,” he says. “I was so uptight. After six years, we had a chance to win a pennant! I moved out of the house into a motel. I remember walking around a golf course at three, four o’clock in the morning. Riding in the car for two hours in the middle of the night. Sleeping like a baby in the training room.



Katy and Ted Bench were among those who saluted their son on Johnny Bench Night.

This is it. We have a shot to win it all.”

In the World Series against St. Louis, Yaztrzemski hit .400 and played spectacular defense, but all for naught. The Cardinals triumphed in seven games. Yaztrzemski had won the Triple Crown—.326 average, 121 RBIs and 44 home runs—but the game ate at him.

“It’s fun when you finally win it all,” he says. But the Red Sox never would. He was 36 in 1975, and time for him was growing short when Boston won the pennant and beat Oakland in the playoffs.

And Bill Lee took the Sox into the sixth inning of the seventh game with a 3-0 lead over the Reds. “Bob Gibson beat us in 1967, he was just too much,” says Yaz. “and in 1972, it simply wasn’t meant to be. But I thought we should have beat Cincinnati in ’75.” They didn’t, losing that seventh game 4-3. It was the first and last time, outside of All-Star and exhibition games, that Bench and Yaz ever played against each other. Neither had a particularly remarkable Series, but both came to it on the way to the Hall of Fame.

*continued*



Carl Sr. negotiated a whopping \$100,000 signing bonus for his son 25 years ago.

Bench had been sighted moving that way for years. One minor league team, Peninsula of the Carolina League, had retired his number after he had hit 22 homers in 98 games. He came to the bigs as cocky as he could be.

In 1966, before he even got to the majors, he was sitting in the stands at Cincinnati, nursing an injured thumb and watching the bullpen work. Sammy Ellis, a Cincinnati pitcher, recalls Bench yelling down, "If any of you guys are catchers, you'd better remember me. I'm going

to take one of your jobs." Two seasons later he was Rookie of the Year.

In March of 1969, Bench spotted Ted Williams at spring training in Pompano Beach, Fla. and approached him with a baseball for an autograph. "Would you please autograph this for me, sir?" Bench asked with uncharacteristic deference.

Williams signed it "To a Hall of Famer, for sure."

A dread of failure had pushed Bench early in his pro career, and what he called an "inner concert" had sustained him.

"So many people from my hometown, Binger, Oklahoma, were following me when I left," he says. "People lived through you, everybody adopted you. That was their way out of Binger. It was a heck of a weight on me. That's the trouble with being 17 one day and 22 the next. I didn't want to let them down. I wasn't going to let myself down. I had enormous confidence that I would succeed."

He exuded it. "I can throw out any runner alive," he said when he was 22. At times he was downright arrogant behind the plate. There was the day in 1969 when he was catching Jerry Arigo against the Dodgers.

"He thought he had a fastball," Bench recalls. "He was pitching against a hitter I knew he couldn't possibly throw it by. I called for a curve and he shook it off, a curve again and he shook it off, a curve one more time and he shook it off. He finally threw a fastball outside." Bench reached up and caught it bare-handed. He heard the Dodgers howling. "They were rulin' on the floor of the dugout." Bench says. On the mound, poor Arigo squeezed his hands together over his head. "Like it was a big grape and I'd dried it into a raisin. I didn't want to show him up, but..."

As Yasuzemski had 1967, his MVP year, so Bench had 1970, when he hit 293 and led the league in home runs, with 45, and in RBIs, with 148. "I think that was the best team I ever played on," he says, even though it didn't win a World Championship. "The best pitcher I ever caught was Tom Seaver—smarter than all of them—but the best stuff I ever saw was Wayne Simpson's in '70. He'd lost one game before the All-Star break, and I don't know how he lost that one. The most moving fastball I've ever seen. And he had an off-speed curve that just stopped dead. Just stopped—dead! Then he got hurt and never was the same."

The Reds picked up Joe Morgan after the 1971 season, and in 1972 the Big Red Machine really got rolling. Bench was MVP again—he led the league with 40 dingers and 125 ribbies—and got them into the World Series, against Oakland, with the most timely home run of his career: fifth game of the playoffs, Reds at bat in the bottom of the ninth inning, facing Pittsburgh's Dave Giusti and trailing by a run. "As I went to the plate," recalls Bench, "I heard my mom hollerin' my name: 'Hit me a home run.' I thought: 'I wish it were that easy.'"

But it was. Going with the pitch, Bench hit a home run to right centerfield to tie the score and keep the Reds alive. They won the pennant, but then lost the Series to Oakland in seven. They came back to win it all in '75 and again, against the Yankees, in '76. They swept New York that year, and Bench hit 533.

There has been a certain orderliness about Bench's life, as if he had a list of things he wanted to accomplish in baseball and ticked off each goal as it was fulfilled. When he got to the end of the list, when he had become all he'd wanted to be, he began to serve it was all over. By

*continued*



In their final days, Yaz was concentrating on his next at bat as Bench was basking in the glow of the fans' adoration.



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Bench's retirement plans seem anything but rough

#### YAZ AND BENCH *continued*

the time he had turned from catching in 1981—he felt arthritic changes in all his major joints and feared becoming a cripple—he had hit more home runs (313, since increased to 325) than any catcher in history. “I lived for home runs,” he says. “I wanted the record. Hitting them was my job.”

Increasingly, he felt the job was over. “I’ve looked forward to retirement a long time,” he says. “When I first came up here, I thought I’d play until I was 35, and I did. I wanted to be a millionaire when I was 30; I was. I knew those things were possible if I lived up to how good I felt I could be. I played as well as I thought I could. I was lucky to be able to sign with the Reds and to be able to play with Hall of Fame players. When I was a young player I couldn’t afford to think about condos in Vail, a place in Fort Myers, a big house. But if you plan your life and get yourself on the right track and save your money, if you work hard in the off-season, you prepare yourself for this day, knowing it has to come.

“Now, I want to travel, maybe go fishing in Alaska or Canada, and I’d like to fish the streams in Montana, all over America. I want to catch the world’s record largemouth bass. Maybe

Yaz has already begun to make strides in the marketing end of the meat business.

go to Africa and see the animals. I want to play a lot of golf and participate in the U.S. Amateur. I don’t have to work. So if I want to see the Masters, I can; if I want to go to the Kentucky Derby, I can. I don’t want any restrictions. I don’t want to get back in a grind. I want to enjoy my life after baseball. I worked hard, but I got an awful lot out of it.”

Compared with Bench, baseball success came much harder to Yaz. He was the grinder who took today’s pitchers home with him last night. He and Walt Hramak, Boston’s batting coach, worked hours in the cage the last seven years. “I’ve changed stances, made adjustments,” says Yaz. “How many hours Walt and I spent working on mechanics, mechanics, mechanics, mechanics. It’s been worth it, oh yeah. I haven’t embarrassed myself the last few years. I’ve helped the team. I guess that’s the reward.”

Yastrzemski says his career is over by his choice. “There’s no doubt in my mind I could play next year,” he says. “But I’ve had enough working out and doing what I had to do. I never really accepted the DH role. If I really wanted to go all out,

dedicate myself all winter, I could come back and play in the field. I don’t think I would at this stage. I think I’ve just had enough. We’ve been in the hunt the last four or five years and it keeps you going. I never understood until this year that that’s what keeps you going.”

He realized it in late August. “We were 14 games out and something went out of me,” he says. “Can’t explain it. It’s like everything inside me went out—all my energy, all my desire. I still try to do the best I can, but somehow I know I’m lacking something.”

What is missing is the quest for The Grail, the chance for the ring. Boston missed in 1967, ’72, ’75 and ’78, when Goose Gosage popped up Yaz in the last of the ninth to win an American League Eastern Division playoff for the Yankees. “It’s the one at bat I’d like back,” he says. “It tore me up inside.”

Yastrzemski lives in a big seaside house outside Boca Raton, Fla., that he happily lifted from Sam Snead for \$300,000 seven years ago. He sounds a lot like Bench. “I want to see the United States outside of an airplane,” Yaz says. “I’m sick of airplanes. I want to see the country. I want to see everything. Call Bobby Doerr and spend a couple of weeks with him in Oregon. Spend a couple of weeks on the Snake River and fish for salmon. Go to Minneapolis and float down the St. Croix or Mississippi rivers, float with the current, cast for bass, walleyes, northern pike. Just get off a schedule after 23 years. I don’t want a schedule.”

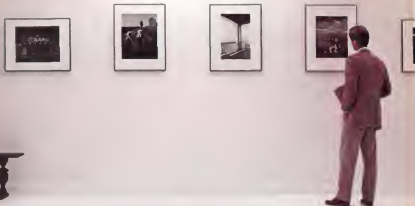
He will continue to work for Kahn’s & Co., which is headquartered, ironically enough, in Cincinnati, marketing meat products, not promoting them. “I’m not a ——— jack hanging around. I know the meat business,” he says. “We’re going to be Number One. We’re going to beat out Oscar Mayer. We’re going to do it.”

That’s all he ever wanted: The Red Sox to be. No. 1, and now some of that fervor will be given over to Kahn’s. He won’t fall asleep, however, counting hot dogs.

“Would you give your place in the Hall of Fame for a World Series ring?” Yastrzemski was asked in the Cleveland bar. The waitress had brought another beer. Twilight was near. “What?” he inquired. The question was repeated. He smiled. He nodded. “Probably,” said Yaz.

END





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Rick Massie broke free from Gerald Broussard to score Kentucky's first TD on a 25-yard pass

**S**am Bowie's injured left shankbone has been a major topic of conversation among Kentucky football fans during the early stages of the past two seasons. Not that these folks really enjoyed discussing whether Bowie, a gifted 7' 1" center, would ever play another game for the revered Wildcat basketball team. It was just that his shin was a more pleasant topic than the Kentucky football squad.

This season, though, Bowie appears to be fit, and, of more immediate import, the Wildcat football team, which last year finished 0-10-1, is 4-0 and off to its best start since the days when Adolph Rupp was first winning national basketball titles. With sound fundamentals, the Wildcats, ranked No. 20 by SI, beat Tulane 26-14 before a near-capacity crowd of 57,425 at Commonwealth Stadium in Lexington. The Green Wave, which was coming off a stirring 34-28 upset of Florida State the week before, took a 7-0 lead after Kentucky fumbled on its first possession. But the rest of the way the Wildcats played stingy defense. Quarterback Randy Jenkins, who completed 10 of 19 passes, was at his best on third down:

By "outmeaning" opponents, the Wildcats have kept the fans' minds off basketball

## The Cats are sharpening their claws

*After beating Tulane, Kentucky is 4-0 for the first time since 1950*



by Jaime Diaz

and Running Back George Adams punched inside for 85 yards on 16 carries.

Success-starved Kentucky fans, who suffered as the Wildcats went 15-38-2 from 1978 through '82, are comparing this year's team with the last Kentucky squad to start 4-0, the 1950 Sugar Bowl winner that would up 11-1. That outfit was coached by Bear Bryant and quarterbacked by Babe Parilli. Coach Jerry Claiborne, who arrived in Lexington last season from Maryland, laughs at the comparison. We ought to know. He set the Wildcat record for interceptions in a season (nine) as a defensive back under Bryant in 1949. In addition, at the start of this season Claiborne had won 138 games in 21 years of coaching, and no one has to remind him that none of those victories

came in 1982.

Before facing Tulane, Claiborne reflected on the Wildcats' success, and said, "There's not a lot of difference from last year's team. We might have had even more talent last season. But this year's players have worked harder and have a better attitude. That, and an easier early schedule have been the difference."

Kentucky's first three victims were Central Michigan, Kansas State and Indiana, which have a combined record of

only 5-5. And the regionally telecast defeat of Tulane, which dropped to 2-2, was more workmanlike than artistic. The Wildcats took away the big play from the Green Wave, which came in strutting a pro-style attack that first-year Coach Wully English had developed over the past nine years as a top offensive aide with the Detroit Lions and the Miami Dolphins and at BYU and Pitt. Directing Tulane on the field was senior Quarterback Jon English, the coach's son, who became the focus of pregame attention because of his eligibility suit against the NCAA. The day before the season started, Jon got a temporary restraining order that allowed him to play. He then proceeded to take the starting job away from incumbent Bubba Brister, who quit the Green Wave before the Florida State game, contending that favoritism was in the air. But Jon's teammates say he had proved himself to be the better quarterback for Tulane's offense.

On Saturday, however, Jon, a 6'4", 205-pound drop-back passer who had completed 43 of 80 passes for 580 yards and three touchdowns in three previous games, appeared distracted, which was perhaps an aftereffect of having spent Thursday evening in a New Orleans courtroom. In only his second college start, he overthrew several open receivers. He was replaced by backup Wade Elmore late in the third quarter, after connecting on only nine of 24 throws for 70 yards. "The coaches made a reasonable decision in taking me out," said a disappointed English afterward. "Having a bad day, no matter whose son you are, is hard on you and your family. But you'll see a different team next week."

English hopes he'll be on it. Louisiana civil district court judge Revis Ortiue Jr. was set to hear more testimony this week on whether English is eligible to play. Hotly recruited out of high school, English enrolled at Michigan State in 1979 but left after one season when it became clear he didn't fit into the Spartans' offensive scheme. After a year at Allegheny (Pa.) Junior College, English played at Iowa State in 1981, but he split last winter because he couldn't break into the lineup there. Believing himself ineligible to play football at an NCAA institution in 1983, because he thought all transfer students had to sit out a year, English entertained thoughts of enrolling at an NAIA school or trying out for a USFL team. Then he carefully read the

continued



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Jon sued so he could play for his father.

#### COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

NCAA bylaw that states that a transfer student from a four-year college is eligible to play only after having sat out a year following the switch from his first four-year school. English's first such school was Michigan State, not Iowa State. After Tulane hired Wally in December, Jon headed for New Orleans.

Tulane supported Jon's eligibility petition before the NCAA, but when the association ruled in August that "first" really means "last," the school sided with the NCAA. Under NCAA Article X, if English loses his case or drops it after the season, the NCAA can force the Green Wave to forfeit any games in which English participated or, worse, confiscate TV revenues for games in which English played. Tulane, an independent, got \$340,000 from CBS for the Kentucky game and stands to make nearly as much from its season finale against LSU.

Jon, a personable young man, says he just wants to play football in a system that will best allow him to display his talents to pro scouts. And amid the swirl of controversy, he has kept his sense of humor. As he prepared for Kentucky, he told reporters he wasn't going to mouth "Hi Mom" for TV cameras. "I'm going to wave to my lawyers and say, 'G'mon, guys, earn your money,'" he said.

Certainly Claiborne is earning his. He succeeded the embattled Fran Curci, whose players, in addition to losing, had a propensity for landing in trouble off the field. Although in 1982 fans found out how badly the Wildcats could play, they liked Claiborne's style. His players, however, didn't share that view, at least not immediately. "We rebelled against him last season because we didn't believe in the man's ways," says Linebacker Scott Schroeder. "He demanded hard work, and some of our players were more concerned with what they were doing on Saturday night than on Saturday afternoon. But we lost and lost and lost, and we gradually started believing in him because we had to find some way to win. Now we try to outmean everybody."

The Wildcats have a week off to get mean before facing 12th-ranked Auburn, LSU (No. 15) and Georgia (No. 11) in succession. In fact, six of Kentucky's seven remaining opponents went to bowls last season. But the Wildcats might only need two more wins to do the same this year. Bowl committees remember that 37,000 supporters followed the Cats to the 1976 Peach Bowl.

Who knows? Come Christmastime, Kentucky fans might be talking more about football than Bowie's Jump shot.

## THE WEEK

by N. BROOKS CLARK

**WEST** For Kansas Quarterback Frank Seurer, the Jayhawks' game with Southern Cal was an emotion-charged experience. Seurer grew up in Huntington Beach, Calif., and had hoped to play for the Trojans. Though he threw for more than 5,000 yards in high school and made an All-America list or two, USC didn't recruit him, and he went to Kansas. Seurer's father, Frank Sr., moved to Kansas from Huntington Beach in '81 to be nearer his son. Says Jayhawk Coach Mike Gottfried, "From the day I was hired last December, Frank Sr. kept telling me how he couldn't wait to get back to L.A. and see Frank play there." In August, Seurer's father was stabbed to death in the kitchen of the restaurant he owned and operated in Lawrence. In the game, Seurer directed Kansas to a 26-20 upset of USC. "I felt his presence," said Seurer about his father. "I really did. I know it sounds corny, but he was whispering in my ear and telling me about the coverage. I know how hard he wanted it

## SI TOP 20

1. NEBRASKA (4-0) 1\*
2. ARIZONA (4-0) 2
3. TEXAS (2-0) 3
4. N. CAROLINA (4-0) 4
5. IOWA (3-0) 7
6. ALABAMA (3-0) 6
7. WEST VIRGINIA (4-0) 8
8. FLORIDA (3-0-1) 10
9. OHIO STATE (2-1) 5
10. MICHIGAN (2-1) 13
11. GEORGIA (2-0-1) 14
12. AUBURN (2-1) 15
13. OKLAHOMA (2-1) 16
14. FLORIDA STATE (2-1) 17
15. LSU (2-1) 18
16. MIAMI (3-1) —
17. MARYLAND (2-1) 19
18. WASHINGTON (2-1) 8
19. BOSTON COLL. (3-1) 12
20. KENTUCKY (4-0) —

\* Last week

He was with me. I know he was there."

Said Kansas Flanker Darren Green, who caught seven passes for 197 yards, "We watched the film and decided to throw the ball a lot. Their secondary was spread out so wide that the middle was open, and we kept going after 'em." The winning points came from Bruce Killmeyer, who broke a 20-20 tie with boots of 24 and 28 yards.

In BYU's 46-28 triumph over Air Force, Steve Young hit 39 of 45 passes for 486 yards and three TDs. In one stretch he threw 18 straight completions, surpassing the NCAA single-game record of 15 shared by four players. (He already holds the two-game record of 22.) Said Air Force Coach Ken Hatfield, "Young is as good as anybody who has ever played the game." At Stanford, The Band was at it again. This time it was on the field in the middle of its rendition of *The Star-Spangled Banner* when the game with San Jose State was supposed to start. The Cardinal was penalized 10 yards on the opening kickoff and went on to lose to the Spartans for the third year in a row. Final score: 23-10.

**MIDWEST** "They remind me of I've seen. No one has ever put the weaponry together quite that way. It's more than just talent. It's a great coaching job. It just wears you out." So said UCLA Offensive Coordinator Homer Smith after Nebraska spotted the Bruins 10 points before running off 42 unanswered ones to give Tom Osborne his 100th victory as coach of the Hawkeyes.

Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer got his 100th college win in the Sooners' 28-18 defeat of Tulsa. Tailback Earl Johnson, replacing the injured Marcus Dupree, ran for 143

*continued*



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yards in three quarters to help put Oklahoma ahead 28-0, but the Sooners let up, allowing three touchdowns in a span of five minutes. Said Switzer, "This second half was the worst 30 minutes of football that has ever been played by a team that I've coached."

Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler put a sign up in the locker room last week that read WISCONSIN 21, MICHIGAN 14 / REMEMBER 1981. With that in mind, the Wolverines gained 361 yards on the ground and buried the Badgers 38-21. Illinois burst Michigan State's bubble 20-10, holding the Spartans to nine first downs and 146 yards. Michigan State lost quarterback Dave Yarema (a separated right shoulder) and Rick Kolb (a broken right hand) for the season and all-conference Linebacker Carl Banks, who sprained his left knee, for two weeks. Afterward, several Spartans accused the film of dirty play. "If they don't hit you, they trip you, they cheap-shot you," said Wide Receiver Daryl Turner. Added Banks, "There was foul play out there. We had a couple of people spit at in the face. But you can't expect a lot of nice guys out there. It's just like life. It's not a perfect world."

**EAST** On the opening kickoff of West Virginia's 27-17 victory over Boston College, Running Back Troy Stradford fumbled on his 15-yard line. BC not only lost possession of the ball, setting up a Mountaineer score three plays later, but also lost the services of Stradford for the rest of the game. On the play he strained the ligaments in his left knee. Without Stradford, who had run for 321 yards in BC's three previous games, Boston College gained only 87 on the ground and failed to score on three possessions—a total of 11 downs—inside the West Virginia five-yard line. BC also had a pass intercepted near the goal line and a touchdown nullified by a penalty. "I don't know how to explain those goal-line plays," said Eagle Quarterback Doug Flutie, who threw for 418 yards. "When I look at [the film], I'll figure out what happened." The Mountaineers took a 14-0 lead when Fullback Ron Woffley raced 67 yards on a fake punt that West Virginia's coaches had planned after scouting BC. Explained Coach Don Nehlen, "They had seven guys lined up to the left of our center and just two on the right side. It left a hell of a hole." West Virginia's Quarterback Jeff Hostetler ran for five first downs and passed for 170 yards.

Penn State finally won a game, beating Temple 23-18, but only after Owl Quarterback Tim Riordan, the No. 7 passer in the country last year, bruised his shoulder on the seventh play. With Temple junior Suecine Charles, the reigning Miss New Jersey and first runner-up in this year's Miss America Pageant, standing behind the Owl bench, Riordan's replacement, freshman Lee Saltz, gave the Lions a scare with two TD passes in the fourth quarter. Afterward, Penn State Coach Joe Paterno said, "I'm not kidding my-



Paterno knew he was lucky to get No. 1.

self. With Riordan in the game, maybe it's different. We've got a long way to go. We're jittery and shaking and kicking the ball around. One game doesn't make a season."

Although Princeton's answer to Miss New Jersey, freshman Brooke Shields, passed up her first home game for a modeling assignment, the Tigers overcame a 28-0 deficit to beat Bucknell 46-28. Princeton Quarterback Doug Butler, a sophomore making his first start, recovered from four early interceptions to throw for 411 yards and five TDs.

**SOUTHWEST** In an outstanding defensive performance, Oklahoma State upset Texas A&M 34-15. The Cowboys intercepted Aggie Quarterback John Mazur four times and sacked him seven times while holding A&M runners to 49 yards on 40 attempts.

Texas defeated North Texas State 26-6 in a game marred by 45 penalties, and SMU extended its unbeaten streak to 19 by holding off TCU 21-17 with a goal-line stand in the final 1:26. Rice ended its losing string at 15 with a TD and a two-point conversion with 3:02 remaining that lifted the Owls to a 22-21 defeat of Southwestern Louisiana.

**SOUTH** The decisive play in Maryland's 13-7 victory over Pitt came with three minutes left in the first half. With the Panthers punting from their 49-yard line, Terrapin Linebacker Doug Cox broke through the line, made the block, grabbed the ball off the bouncer on the Pitt 32 and ran it into the end zone. "I wanted to make sure I didn't drop it," said Cox, a junior walk-on. "I was thinking, 'Please, nobody catch me.'" As for the block, it was "sort of like tunnel vision. It was the only thing I had on my mind."

An 81-yard punt return by Trey Garmus broke Tennessee's back in its 37-14 loss to Auburn. Said Volunteer Coach Johnny Majors, "I may sound like a crazy man, but I feel

better about our program now than at any time since I've been here. We've got better players, better attitude and better character."

Another unlikely note of hope came from Notre Dame Coach Gerry Faust, whose team lost 20-0 to Miami and is now 1-2. "Call me an eternal optimist, but we're in good shape," said Faust. "It's a young season. I'm sure we'll have a good year yet." The Hurricanes, meanwhile, haven't allowed a point in 11 quarters—a result, say the Miami defensive players, of intimidating chatter. "We talk a lot out there," said Linebacker Jay Brophy after beating the Irish. "It gets the adrenaline flowing and gets the whole team in the spirit of the game. We just told 'em, 'You ain't down' nothin' tonight. You ain't going nowhere." "

Added Cornerback Reggie Sutton, who blocked two field-goal attempts, "We started calling them names. We figured if we could make 'em talk back to us they wouldn't have their minds on what they were doing."

On Vanderbilt's first play from scrimmage against Alabama, Kurt Page threw 39 yards for a touchdown. "Bama fumbled the ensuing kickoff, and the Commodores got another TD. A field goal made the score 17-0, at which juncture the Vanderbilt highlights film ended and the Tide's began. Halfback Linne Patrick went 118 yards on 24 carries, and 'Bama romped 44-24."

Against South Carolina, Georgia's senior quarterback, John Lastering, was booed by the home fans when he took over after sophomore Todd Williams left the game in the third quarter with a charley horse. Lastering completed 10 of 14 passes and rallied the Dawgs from a 10-10 third-quarter tie to a 34-13 victory. "To be honest," Lastering said of the boos, "I didn't hear them. I've heard them before, though I'm not going

#### PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**OFFENSE:** Kansas Quarterback Frank Scurer, a 6'2", 195-pound senior, led the Jayhawks to a 26-20 victory over Southern Cal by completing 26 of 38 passes for 385 yards and one touchdown.

**DEFENSE:** Doug Cox, a 6-foot, 205-pound junior linebacker, scored the decisive points in Maryland's 13-7 win over Pitt by blocking a punt, recovering the ball and returning it 12 yards for a TD.

to let those fans spoil my senior year."

Mississippi, which was 0-3, upset previously unbeaten Arkansas 13-10, while North Carolina defeated William and Mary, 51-20. In that game, Scott Stankavage of the Tar Heels connected on 17 of 21 passes to increase his season completion average to 73.6%. "His receivers have been catching the ball real well," said North Carolina Coach Dick Crum.

END

by Paul Zimmerman

**O**n the television screen in 49er owner Eddie DeBartolo Jr.'s box high atop San Francisco's Candlestick Park, the green figures and the white figures were kicking up dust on a baseball infield. Half a dozen or so guests in the crowded room were clustered around the television, trying to root home the greens, who were the New York Jets, against the whites, who were San Francisco's divisional rivals, the Los Angeles Rams. The television viewers had just seen the 49ers come from behind in the fourth quarter to beat the Atlanta Falcons 24-20, and this was the after-dinner mini, the Jets and Rams in OT on TV.

Forty-Niner Coach Bill Walsh stood in a corner of the room, near the TV set but unable to see its picture, and every so often someone would rush over to him with up-to-date battle reports. "The Jets just intercepted," a guy said.

"That's nice," Walsh said.

"Now they're trying a field goal," someone else told him, waiting for Walsh to holler or elbow his way over to the television.

"Hope he makes it," Walsh said, nodding but not budging.

"The Jets win!" someone suddenly yelled over to Walsh. "You're leading the division!"

"Yes, I know," Walsh said, turning to find his wife.

The 49ers are 3-1 and all alone in first place in the NFC West. The rest of the division is 2-2. Break out some more

champagne. Let's have a fresh plate of shrimp. Why is that coach so calm?

"Two months from now is when I'll start looking at the standings," Walsh said. "This thing is just getting started."

But, hey, the 49ers are on top. They won as many games in September as they did in the dismal, strike-torn 3-6 season of '82, when they fell from their lofty perch as defending Super Bowl champs. Last year in Candlestick the Falcons brutalized the Niners, beating them up physically and sending a lot of people flying off the field—"a clear case of child abuse," 49er Guard Randy Cross says. This time San Francisco matched the Falcons power for power, sacking Steve Bartkowski eight times and putting it to them on the ground at the end, when it counted. Atlanta's rookie coach, Dan Henning, treated the game as if it were his Super Bowl. He gave the 49ers the whole package—an unbalanced line on offense, a resurrected defense he'd all but

## Better? You bet. Super? No

*The 49ers have already equaled 1982's win total but still have flaws*

scrapped in training camp, a flanker option pass and a buck-and-wing (pass and lateral). The works. And, ultimately, San Francisco had overcome.

"We're back, we're back," the fans chanted, but Walsh knows different. To him, "back" means back to Super Bowl level and Walsh knows they're not back at all. "We've got the best offensive team

I've ever been associated with," he says, "but we're still flawed, and flawed teams usually don't wind up in the Super Bowl."

The difference Sunday was the difference between two quarterbacks. Their passing stats were pretty close. The Falcons' Steve Bartkowski completed 19 of 23 for 243 yards. Joe Montana was 27 of 32 for 261. Here's the difference: Bartkowski was sacked those eight times, Montana zero. Granted, Montana had excellent protection, but more significant, the few times a rusher got near him he was able to nimbly-foot away from the defender. Bartkowski isn't gifted in that way. His toes do not twinkle.

Can you say a team making eight sacks didn't have that good a pass rush? It's tough, but that's the truth. Five of the sacks were on blitzes, one by a safetyman. Fred Dean made the Niners' final sack on the Falcons' last play of the game.

Montana (right) kept his uniform spotless, while eight 49er sacks soiled Bartkowski's.





Harper and Lott two-teamed Falcon Alfred Jenkins after one of his eight receptions.



It was a vintage Dean maneuver, a quick inside move on Tackle Mike Kenn and then the snuff. Dean, a lot more banged up than he was as the designated rusher in the Super Bowl season, has only a few all-out rushes per game left in him.

The 49er defensive line has some sturdy chaps, but no consistent rushers. Keena Turner is terrific at right linebacker, and on the left side, Willie Harper is strong against the run, but inside the 49ers have shortcomings. Jack Reynolds is rusty after missing the first three games with a pulled groin muscle. He started on Sunday but had trouble fighting through traffic to get to the ballcarrier. Meanwhile, the secondary, unnerved by the lack of a steady pass rush, fell apart at times. Cornerback Ronnie Lott got called for a couple of muggings downfield, and Bartkowski burned Lott and Free Safety Dwight Hicks on a 76-yard touchdown pass to Wide Receiver Floyd Hodges in the third quarter. Atlanta converted 12 of 17 third-down tries. Henning knew he could move the ball against San Francisco's defense, but feared a steady diet of blitzes against his less than mobile quarterback. So he came out in his unbalanced line, essentially to foul up the 49er blitzing scheme.

Kenn moved to the right side, lining up outside Warren Bryant, the right tackle, and down the field Atlanta came, banging away behind that loaded right side, from its 21 to the San Francisco 12, where the 49ers stiffened and held. "We knew what they were doing," 49er Linebacker Coach Norb Hecker said, "but until the drive was over we didn't have a chance to get together on the sidelines and diagram our defense against it."

When the 49ers got the ball, Henning brought Trick No. 2 out of the bag, a 3-4 defense he'd junked in favor of a 4-3. The 49ers ate it up, and the 3-4 soon gave way to a 4-3, except in a few spots.

On San Francisco's first drive, Wendell Tyler, the running back who had come to the 49ers from the Rams in an off-season trade and who had had back-to-back 100-yard games the previous two weeks, went down with a dislocated left shoulder. Two to three weeks' recovery time is predicted. So Walsh turned to the old guard—Dwight Clark caught two touchdown passes; Freddie Solomon, who was supposed to back up Renaldo Nehemiah this year but is light-years ahead of him as a receiver, had six catches for 103 yards. On the ground, Jeff Moore and Bill Rung, the remnants of last year's running attack that ranked 28th in the league, and newcomer Roger Craig, the No. 2 draft out of Nebraska, somehow scraped together 124 of San Francisco's 157 rushing yards.

It was the rushing attack that carried the 49ers on a 71-yard, 10-play touchdown march that gave them the win early in the fourth quarter, and it was the ground game that held the ball for the final 3:54, keeping the Falcons' offense off the field. "Can you rush the passer in the fourth quarter? Can you run the ball to protect a lead?" Walsh says. "Those are the keys to winning in the NFL."

On Sunday the 49ers did both. Their offense is a thing of beauty. Their defense is shaky but at least it's healthy. Tyler will return, and in December the 49ers should be right where they are now—in the middle of a four-way fight for the division crown. Any more than that is wishful thinking.

END

by Ron Fimrite

**T**he Bull wasn't exactly in a china shop, but he definitely was on unfamiliar ground as he took a few throws at first base during batting practice last Thursday night in Anaheim, Calif. He fielded most of the tosses with commendable grace—all things considered—until Catcher Marc Hill, having a little sport at third base, began deliberately throwing the ball low to first. Alas, Greg Luzinski, 32, the Bull of the White Sox, waved at the maliciously misdirected tosses as if he were a matador. After about 15 minutes of these exertions, Luzinski repaired to the more comfortable surroundings of his usual pregame habitat, the batting cage, to rocket tape-measure shots into the distant bleachers.

This brief experiment at first base represented history of a sort, because Luzinski, who hadn't worn a glove in a game since he transferred to Chicago from the National League three seasons ago, was trying his rusty hand in the field



Luzinski caught on quickly last week while playing defense for the first time since 1980.

## That's a lot of Bull at first

*DH Greg Luzinski will need a position if the White Sox reach the Series*

for the first time under any circumstances this year in happy anticipation of getting another chance to do it in the World Series. If the White Sox, who clinched the American League West title on Sept. 17, make it to the Series, you see, Luzinski will have to play someplace on defense, because this is one of those years when designated hitter is a non-position in the Series. And Chicago Manager Tony LaRussa and his team can hardly expect to compete successfully for the world championship without the Bull and his 30 homers and 90 RBIs in their batting order.

"I don't want to be premature about anything," said LaRussa last week, "but we have to look at some alternatives here. And Bull isn't just another DH. We're talking about a DH who hits fourth, in the heart of our lineup." Recognizing that the Bull hadn't caught a ball in anger

since September of 1980, when he was a decidedly immobile outfielder for the then world champion Phillies, LaRussa was trying Luzinski at first to see if he could get the hang of it. If the Sox whip the Orioles for the American League title, then the lineup juggling will begin in earnest. "Maybe," said LaRussa, "the Bull'll make six diving catches in one game, and there'll be no worry."

The speculation—and trepidation—became a bit less feverish on Saturday when Luzinski started at first against the Angels. LaRussa chose that day because he had a left-hander, Britt Burns, on the mound against a predominantly right-handed-hitting lineup that would be unlikely to send many shots toward first. The strategy worked, Luzinski's only chances in six innings of the 2-0 victory were four infield throws, which he handled flawlessly. One of them was low, but

he caught it with no problem, and another, completing a double play, forced him to stretch. Bulls don't stretch very far.

When Luzinski trotted out to take his position he was wearing a batting helmet instead of a cap. "I haven't worn a cap in three years," he explained, referring to his last previous appearance in the field during the 1980 World Series, when he played left for Philadelphia. "I've got to break one in."

California's first batter, Gary Pettis, tested him by pushing a bunt past Burns and beating it out for a hit. "It was a rocky way for Bull to start," said LaRussa, "but Pettis would have beat out that bunt on any left-handed pitcher. Bull did fine." Then, rolling his eyes: "Especially that great stretch."

Even Luzinski joked about that. "With my stretch, we better never need it," he said. "I was a little nervous before the game, but not once I got out there. I didn't exactly feel at home." Was he hoping to make a game-saving catch? "Not getting any tough plays didn't disappoint me," he admitted.

Afterward, LaRussa said, "There's no

doubt in my mind that he can play first base and that he wants to. All I want now is for him to get comfortable there."

Luzinski, ever phlegmatic, is undaunted by the renewed challenge of trying to catch the ball. "I've had a first baseman's glove for the past three years," he says, and indeed he has frequently been seen with it tucked under his arm in the clubhouse. "I hadn't played first since '72, and I haven't played there regularly since '71, when I did it for a month. But I was a first baseman for three and a half years in the minors."

As it turns out, first is the most densely populated position on a team that is deep in most spots. Greg Walker, 23, the lefthanded-hitting rookie who had a .274 average and nine homers at week's end, is nominally the starter there, although he sits down in favor of 36-year-old Tom Paciorek against many lefthanded pitchers and will himself substitute on occasion for the Bull as a DH. Paciorek, bidding to hit .300 for the third year in a row as a mostly part-time player, is primarily a first baseman, but he has also appeared in 49 games in the outfield, 33 of them as a starter.

And finally, there's Mike Squires, 31, a Gold Glove winner at the position in 1981, who comes in on defense for both Paciorek and Walker in the late innings of virtually every game. As a result of this specialization, Squires had some of the more interesting statistics of the season through Sunday—138 games played with 149 times at bat.

LaRussa envisions a World Series scenario that would have Luzinski starting at first with Paciorek in the outfield, probably replacing Rudy Law, and Squires at the ready to field the grounders and low throws from the seventh inning on when the Sox lead. Even Walker, the most likely victim of such machinations, approves the strategy, saying, "Everybody realizes we've got to have the Bull's best in the lineup."

Luzinski has, in fact, had one of his more notable power-hitting seasons. In terms of average he has been hitting what appears to be his weight—.252 through Sunday—but three of his homers have cleared the roof in leftfield at Comiskey Park. "I've made the so-called adjustment to being a DH," he says. "It worked out well for me."

If the White Sox make it to the World Series, he will have yet another adjustment to make.

## INSIDE PITCH

(Through September 25)

by HERM WEISKOPF

Four weeks after Atlanta obtained Pitcher Len Barker from Cleveland for three players to be named later, Braves Outfielder Brett Butler found out from Atlanta owner Ted Turner that he was one of the three. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn fined Turner \$25,000 for telling Butler before the end of the season.

"I want people to think of me as an iron man," says Baltimore Shortstop Cal Ripken, who has played every inning of every game this season. "I feel as strong physically as I did earlier in the season, but there have been times when it's been tough mentally. You get tired of thinking and tired of concentrating, and then as you pop up or strike out, you say, 'How did I do that?' I wasn't even thinking."

"When Brett asked me if he was one of the players to be named later, to stay within the rules I should have said, 'I can't tell you,'" Turner said. "And then I should have winked at him. I was just thinking of Brett as a human being who wanted to know about his future."

Turner added that the fine was fair and not a form of retaliation for voting against Kuhn when he came up for reelection in November 1982. "I was going to change my vote this year if some of the others had," Turner said.

"Half you guys had better start looking in the mirror," said Indian Manager Pat Corrales after his team had blown a 7-0 lead and lost to the Brewers 11-7. Although Corrales then garbled his syntax, he got across the rest of his message: "I've been in meetings ever since we came back from Detroit, and nobody wants half of you back."

Chairman of the Board Andrew McKenna of the Cubs insists that the hiring of Jim Finks, who had recently resigned as general manager of the NFL Chicago Bears, was mostly to relieve McKenna of duties he was too busy to handle. However, it may also be that Finks, a savvy businessman, was brought in to put some

reins on impulsive General Manager Dallas Green. Finks was quick to stress that Green will continue to be in charge of baseball operations, negotiating contracts and making trades. But with Finks above Green in the club's hierarchy, the parent Tribune Co. may well be hoping that Green, who has increased dramatically the Cubs' player payroll in two years, will be held in check. Chances are Finks will also handle the continuing controversy over the installation of lights at Wrigley Field more delicately than Green, whose frankness had tended to unite the opposition.

Baltimore Pucher Jim Palmer indicated that if the Orioles don't pick up the option on his contract, which expires after the season, he'll probably become a free agent. "I know I'm the fifth or sixth starter here, but I won't be the fifth or sixth if I go someplace else next year," Palmer said. . . . The A's have talked with Bruce Bochte, a lifetime .286 hitter who quit the Mariners at the end of last season, about joining them. Boston is also interested in Bochte, a 32-year-old first baseman. But his respect for deposed Seattle Manager Rene Lachemann is so strong that, should he decide to return to the game, he may well wind up with whatever team hires Lachemann as its skipper. . . . Milwaukee's precipitous decline in the American League East was accentuated by a 10-game losing streak that set a club record before it concluded Sept. 19. . . . Mariner DH Richie Zisk

continued

## BALL PARK FIGURES

Last week, after 22 seasons with eight big league teams, Gaylord Perry, 45, of the Royals retired. Perry was 7-14 with Seattle and K.C. in his final year. Here are his most significant career statistics and all-time Top 20 rankings:

	STAT	RANK
Wins	314	11
Losses	265	4
ERA	3.09	—
Games	777	11
Starts	690	2
Innings	5,352	4
Strikeouts	3,534	3
Walks	1,379	16
All-Star Games	5	—
Cy Young Awards	Indians, '72	
	Padres, '78	



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was asked by Manager Del Crandall to be Seattle's batting instructor for the rest of the season. Crandall also told Vada Pinson, the club's hitting coach, to stop working with the batters, whose league-worst .239 average was 15 points lower than last year. . . . White Sox President Eddie Einhorn says that building his organization's first championship squad since 1959 "wasn't that hard. It's something that should have been done a long time ago." . . . Boston outfielders Jim Rice and Tony Armas were first and sec-

ond, respectively, in home runs in the American League with 37 and 36 and hitting into double plays with 30 and 29.

Several Cardinals were irked at Expo Catcher Gary Carter for spiking the ball after St. Louis' Floyd Rayford struck out and for slamming his bat down and glaring at Cardinal Bob Forsch, who had thrown a couple of close-in pitches while walking Carter. "What's with Carter?" St. Louis Manager Whitey Herzog asked. "Is he going to get mad every time they

throw a ball inside? If I were a pitcher, I'd knock him on his butt every time up." Cardinal Pitcher Dave LaPoint said of the ball spiking. "We're losing now, but don't embarrass us." Of the Cardinals' reactions, Carter retorted, "I just get excited. They can't take that?"

George Brett of the Royals, who had never hit more than 24 home runs in any of his 10 previous big league seasons, said recently he felt that his 22 round-trippers by Aug. 25 "might have been my worst enemy. I've seen my name among the league leaders in a lot of categories, but when I kept seeing it up there with the home-run leaders I started thinking, 'Hey, this is neat.' That's when I started overwinging, uppercutting, popping up. I think I just got overconfident. Early in the season I was perfect, and I started believing I could do no wrong." Last week it was found that there was another rea-

## THE MESSAGE FROM FLORIDA: HAV-A-TAMPA

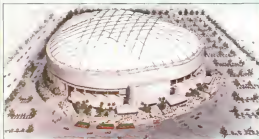
The Tampa Bay Baseball Group, which is highly optimistic about having a major league club based in Tampa by as early as 1986, last week hired Yankee Executive Vice-President Cedric Telfer to be its managing director, effective Nov. 1. And this week the TBGG will begin meeting with American League owners in order to get their expeditious approval for a relocation of the Minnesota Twins. If the TBGG succeeds, the Tampa Sports Authority plans to issue bonds for the construction of a \$50 million, 46,000-seat air-conditioned domed stadium that should be ready for the 1986 season. The TBGG has the land for it—a 145.5-acre tract adjacent to Tampa Stadium; last month the group began making payments on a 75-year lease. It has also offered Calvin Griffith \$24 million for the Twins and has promised Griffith an executive position if the Twins move to Tampa.

Ideally, the TBGG would like a deal with Griffith and the 75% approval required from the other American League owners for the shift to be all wrapped up by Nov. 1. One of the group's strongest arguments is that a team in Tampa would add considerable money to the coffers of all American

League clubs. The international accounting firm of Laventhol & Horwath predicts that a Tampa-based team would draw "between 2,100,000 and 2,400,000 per year during the first five seasons."

Griffith is playing his hand well, refusing to commit himself publicly, saying that talk about a move is "premature" and adding that "we also have propositions from three or four other cities." These offers have been forthcoming because franchise seekers feel that Griffith may try to exercise a clause in his contract with Minnesota's Metrodome that would permit him to move the Twins if their average attendance for 1982, '83 and '84 is less than 1.4 million. To reach that figure, Minnesota would have to draw about 2.4 million in 1984. So far, no big-money buyers have surfaced to try to keep the Twins where they are. In any case, an SI source says Griffith has given the TBGG his assurance he wants to move to Tampa.

"Mr. Griffith told us, 'Some local people have come by, but none of them has any money,'" says Ray Bennett of the TBGG. "How interested is Calvin in Tampa? Well, he's down to where he's selecting the spot for the toilet in his private office."



This domed stadium would cost \$50 million, seat 46,000 and be ready for a 1986 opening.

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**JOE MORGAN:** *The Phillies' second baseman batted .484 with 15 hits, six of them doubles, in 31 at bats, scored seven runs and drove in eight. He also had two home runs, both on his 40th birthday.*

son why Brett's average had plummeted from .373 on July 2 to .308 on Sept. 25; a congenital back problem.

"Muy malo [very bad]," said Dodger Pitcher Fernando Valenzuela after Centerfielder Derrel Thomas looped after a fly ball to make a basket catch and wound up grabbing it almost at grass level. "I don't think he should be making catches like that," added Valenzuela through an interpreter after beating Houston 2-1. . . . The Padres had won nine of the 11 games that Catcher Doug Gwosdz (pronounced Goozh) had started, and during those games San Diego pitchers had a 1.78 ERA. Reliever Gary Lucas feels one reason for Gwosdz's success is that his size—he's 5' 11", 180 pounds; regular Catcher Terry Kennedy is 6' 4", 220—enables "Doug to give a lower target." . . . Add Marty Decker of the Padres to the growing list of players whose careers have been saved in operating rooms. Decker, a right-hander who has had surgery on both shoulders, his left ankle and his right elbow, made his major league debut by working two innings of shutout relief against San Francisco.

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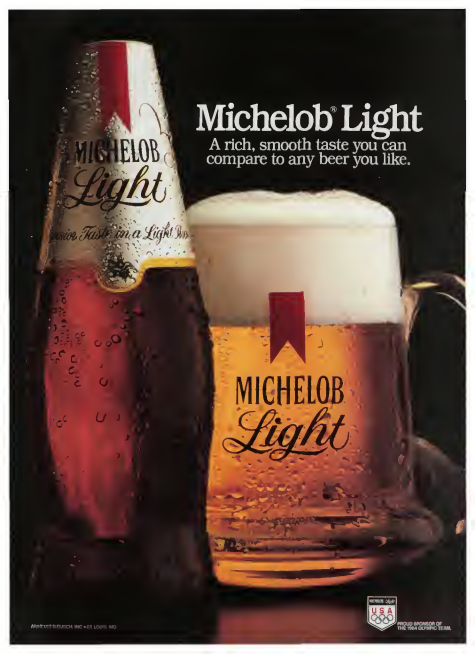
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## HARNESS RACING

The point wasn't so much that 3-year-old colt Ralph Hanover won harness racing's premier race, the Little Brown Jug, last Thursday in Delaware, Ohio. And it wasn't so much that the victory earned him pacing's Triple Crown, though he's only the seventh colt to win it. The point wasn't even that Ralph Hanover's Jug winnings of \$108,537 increased his record standardbred earnings for a year to \$1,639,755.

All these accomplishments were significant, of course, but what was most important about Ralph Hanover's win over 22 rivals was that it was a vicarious victory for the average guy who's a little lazy, and a huge victory for some heretofore little people not afraid to dream big.

"He's the people's horse," said trainer Stew Firlotte. Added Driver Ron Waples, "If I could change one thing about Ralph, I wouldn't." Good thinking. To win the Jug, a horse must win two one-mile heats. Ralph Hanover won two in a row, laughing. That wasn't unexpected: Ralph Hanover was such a top-heavy favorite in the first heat that the next choice, Skirt Lifter, went off at 12 to 1.

In the second go-round Ralph toyed briefly with Fortune Teller, who ran out of breath, and Jo-Nathan, who ran out of heart at the  $\frac{3}{4}$  pole. In fact, heat No. 2 was nothing but a coronation for Ralph Hanover: one-eighth mile from the finish he bore down and extended his winning margin to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  lengths to put the finishing touch on a glorious year in which he won 17 of 21 starts. The time was 1:55 $\frac{1}{2}$ , sluggish even with a stiff headwind on the backstretch.

It figures. What would you expect of a horse with the uncatchy name of Ralph Hanover? "He reminds me of moonlight on the old Honeymooners," says Firlotte. "A ham. A journeyman. He prefers to lie down and sleep." The name was hung on him when he was foaled at Hanover Shoe Farms in Pennsylvania, and Firlotte decided not to change it because "he's just a Ralph."

Firlotte and his wife, Jo-Anne, who hail from Toronto, got bitten by the racing bug in 1968 when they bought a 2-year-old filly for \$500. Equipment for her cost \$1,000, and she won her first start. The winner's take was \$32.50. This bonanza prompted the Firlottes to quit



## You mean you don't know?

That's Ralph Hanover right there, winner of the 1983 Little Brown Jug

their jobs two years later—he was a sales manager, she a bank cashier—sell their furniture, strap a crib and stroller to the top of their Buick and drive to Florida to learn how to train horses properly.

They showed they had learned their lessons well in 1981 when Stew spotted Ralph Hanover at a sale in Harrisburg, Pa. Firlotte says, "He was small, but he looked the part of a racehorse. He was eye-catching." As it turned out, just about the only other eyes he caught belonged to Waples. Discovering this the two, who were countrymen, agreed not to bid against each other but to become partners. They paid \$58,000 for Ralph Hanover, a pittance in these days when the hammer sometimes falls at \$200,000 and much more.

Upon getting Ralph Hanover on the track as a 2-year-old, Firlotte and Waples were horrified when he showed no inclination to go any faster than 2:16. That would not win a race to a grocery store check-out counter. And Ralph Hanover—because he's like most of us—proceeded to get lazier. Then he caught the flu and various other viral infections. "He got to be a joke," recalls Firlotte. But when it came time to race, Ralph Han-

by Douglas S. Looney

over perked up, winning eight of 12 starts, though seldom impressively. Still, by this spring, Ralph Hanover was looking good. Real good. Which is why, unlike the rest of us, Ralph Hanover has been syndicated for \$7 million by a group spearheaded by Jack Baugh, owner of Almahurst Farm in Lexington, Ky. In the deal, the Firlottes got about \$1.3 mil, as did Waples.

By the end of Jug day, beer was in tubs everywhere around Ralph Hanover's barn. "Ralph's beer," explained Jo-Anne. That also figures. When a lazy horse named Ralph wins, the drink of choice has to be beer.





**SPECIAL REPORT**

Inside Interior: Page 12

**Alone In The**



A full-page photograph of a vast, flat, arid landscape, likely a desert or prairie. The ground is covered in dry, yellowish-brown grass and sparse, low-lying shrubs. The horizon is flat and distant. The sky is filled with large, white, puffy clouds against a pale blue background.

# Wilderness

**As a result of his words, actions—and inaction—James Watt, Secretary of the Interior, has lost support, even in the West**

**by Bill Gilbert**

**Special Reporting by Robert Sullivan**

CONTINUED



Watt, to his detriment, does more firing from the hip than from the shoulder.

**D**uring his tumultuous 2½ years as Secretary of the Interior, James Watt often asked that he be judged by his actions rather than by his words. This hasn't happened, partly because some of the things he said so outraged powerful critics that he wasn't permitted to do much.

This situation arose again last week—for what could well be the last time. In a speech Sept. 21 before members of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce in Washington, Watt was discussing coal leasing on public lands. His policy of accelerated leasing had been halted by Congress the previous day. Watt was naming a new commission to study the issue, one made up of individuals from outside the narrow constituency of business-oriented white Protestant males that he's frequently criticized for favoring. Unfortunately, Watt turned what should have been a positive step for his administration at Interior into what, at week's end, appeared to be a fatal one by choosing the following words to describe the commission members: "I have a black, I have a woman, two Jews and a cripple."

Watt apologized to President Reagan and to each of the commission members for the insensitivity of his remark, but the damage this time, so close to the beginning of the 1984 election campaigns, seemed irreparable.

As SI went to press, Watt was on the verge of losing his job not, I think, because he misspoke but because he expressed himself so clearly. The outrage came because Watt so little camouflaged his true belief. Coming as it did after so many other statements and actions—only minimally less outrageous—that are consistent with Watt's self-professed ultraconservative ideology, I understood last week's remarks to mean the following:

If we could operate in the sensible way of our ancestors, I would consult only normal, decent Americans, that is, fine white men such as members of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. However, we now have to put up with a lot of liberal nonsense. This time I gave all those subversive secular humanists a taste of their own medicine. I named to this board a woman, a black, two Jews and a cripple. That should hold them. But you good people, of course, realize that I was doing it as a kind of joke. The likes of them will have no real influence.

James Watt became the highly controversial James Watt long before last week. As to how that happened, Doug Baldwin, a friend, confidant and aide to Watt for 20 years before becoming chief of public affairs at Interior, says that even before taking office, Watt expected criticism from some

members of the environmental community. Nevertheless, the secretary made an effort to talk reasonably with the environmentalists. They responded with extreme antagonism and roused the secretary's combative instincts. "He could have gone around to these groups and kissed their little boot tips," says Baldwin, "but he's not built that way. He is combative in the sense that if somebody wants to fight with him, he'll fight."

The bad guys in this scenario are often identified by Watt as the paid employees of a handful of preservationist-inclined private organizations. He has referred to them as "commercial environmentalists" or "hired guns." Most of them work for one or another of about a dozen organizations such as the Audubon and Wilderness societies, the Sierra Club, the Natural Resources Defense Council, the National Parks and Conservation Association, the Environmental Defense Fund, the Friends of the Earth and the National Wildlife Federation. These are hardly splinter groups: They have about 10 million members—or 80% of the organized environmental movement.

According to Watt's hired-gun theory, the leaders of such groups, working through their organizations' own publications and conventions, first convinced their members that the Watt administration was one replete with environmental rapists. Simultaneously, they co-opted the media. Watt has been more than willing to explain why the rascals have had it in for him. For instance, he commented in a friendly interview published in *Forest Industries*, a trade publication of the forest-products business, that the environmental activists who opposed him were "a left-wing cult which seeks to bring down the type of government I believe in." It should be remembered that some of the people he's talking about are members of bird-watching, hiking and hunting groups.

When I asked him if this quotation accurately reflected his sentiments, he said it did. Our conversation then went as follows:

WATT: Many of my critics want a centralized system in which the Federal Government dictates the use of the water, the use of the land—and I oppose that. I've changed all the policies of the Carter Administration that led to centralized social planning. And some of my critics prefer centralized social planning. That's a different form of government.

GILBERT: But to undermine the government suggests treason.

WATT: In your mind, not mine.

GILBERT: O.K. That answers the question.

WATT: So that's your problem, not mine.

GILBERT: That's my problem. [Having established my problem, I came back to what I considered to be Watt's.] So you would not object if we say Watt is a rightist attempting to undermine the form of government we believe in?

WATT: I object to your form of government if you don't believe in the people's dignity.

GILBERT: I am talking about the Carter Administration.

WATT: I was, and I am.

GILBERT: Trying to undermine that form of government?

WATT: Absolutely I am. And I've been pretty successful.

Baldwin once warned me that Watt "uses phrases that are very carefully crafted, philosophically, legally and nuancily, if that's a word." I think the above is certainly a case where Watt's nuances must be closely examined. When he says



Reagan, like Watt, backed Western ranchers in the Sagebrush Rebellion.

"form of government," he's speaking about the political philosophy—right, center or left—of a given administration. Being of the right, he feels that it's virtuous and necessary to undermine a different form of government and assumes that those of other persuasions are trying to undermine his.

The issue that Watt raised—the importance of private as compared to public works—has rarely been a particularly hot one in the U.S. mainstream. Americans haven't been a particularly ideological people; political, economic, social and cultural pragmatism has been more their national style. Americans have thought very well of private enterprise not because it represents ultimate truth but because it has

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Jay Hair, in Watt's view, is a "bird gun" who sidewinds NWF members.

worked in many cases, done what society wanted done. On the other hand, there's an equally strong tradition of using collective action to achieve other ends—strong defense, good roads, universal education, social justice, higher farm prices and other things that are desirable but not directly profitable. Most conservation efforts have been in this category and therefore could be called, if the term is used precisely and nonpejoratively, socialistic. But in the lexicon of the far right this is spelled Socialism. Socialism is a foreign ideology of the left. Socialists are often members of a "left-wing cult." Ergo, socialistic environmentalists can be, in some people's minds, anti-Americans trying to undermine the form of government in which they believe.

Another characteristic of ideologues, whether of the right or the left, is a belief in witches, though they're usually called by other names. Nazis, hired guns, bloodsucking capitalists, secular humanists, communists.

There would seem to be two explanations for the exceptional unpopularity of the Watt administration. One is that people believe Interior's current programs are wrongheaded. The second is that people are too wrongheaded to understand the merits of the programs. Neither makes an attractive public response for the administration. A much better one is to say that a small group of left-wing cultists caused all the trouble by messing with the minds of the good people.

## THE NATIONAL WILDLIFE FEDERATION

The National Wildlife Federation is the country's largest private conservation group, with 4.1 million members and affiliated chapters in every state. Its members, including huge numbers of hunters and fishermen, have various outdoor interests. Through the years the NWF has had a middle-of-the-road reputation as far as conservation politics go, and it has been criticized by more activist groups for being passive about controversial socioenvironmental issues. However, for two years now Interior officials have almost always included the federation when naming extreme environmental organizations that are wrongfully harassing the department.

That the organization that publishes *Ranger Rick*—one of a number of superb NWF magazines—should have been regarded by Interior as a hotbed of left-wing cultists may seem bizarre to outsiders but is understandable given some of the hopes the Watt team had when it took office. There are many indications that the administration felt that the NWF would be sympathetic to the new policies. With support—or at least without dissent—from the federation, Interior could have claimed that its opposition was centered in a liberal, minority wing of the environmental movement. For example, if most of the criticism of Watt's policies had come from the Sierra Club or Friends of the Earth, this could have been dismissed as politics as usual.

Instead the NWF became perhaps the Watt administration's most persistent and effective critic. About six months after Watt took office, the federation released the results of a survey of its members. Nearly 80% of the 4,000 respondents said that Watt was too extreme in his policies and programs. To make things even worse for Watt, the respondents indicated that in the 1980 election they had voted for Reagan over Carter by a margin of almost 2-1. Based on this survey and a point-by-point analysis of the Watt program by the NWF technical staff, the federation formally asked the President to fire his Secretary of the Interior.

Watt dismissed the poll as unscientific and said it only amused him. However, NWF leaders immediately became personae non gratae around Interior. Dr. Jay D. Hair, a 37-year-old former associate professor of zoology and forestry from North Carolina State who is now the salaried chief executive officer of the NWF, says that the last official contact between his organization and Watt or his top aides was at a summit meeting of environmental leaders in the summer of 1981. At that meeting Watt and his staff were exceptionally cordial to Hair. "I had the impression that they were trying to separate me from the others on the grounds that I represented sportsmen, who in their minds were or should be in conflict with preservationists," Hair says. "I think this was a big mistake in judgment on the part of the administration. For the past 20 years our organization and most sportsmen have been concerned with general environmental issues—habitat protection, clean water and air, land use, endangered species, toxic waste and the rest. We have no basic conflict with others who happen to be non-hunters, which is much different from being anti-hunting. Whether you are a bird hunter or a bird photographer, you have basically the same environmental interests."

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## GRASS ROOTS

Interior officials have tried to explain away the widespread opposition to the Watt administration by saying that the opposition is, in fact, a fiction; that despite the best efforts of the hired guns, a majority of the grass-roots members of their organizations are backers of Watt. There is little hard evidence to support this theory and much that contradicts it. Beyond such direct indicators as the NWF and other polls, virtually all the organizations that have been most hostile to the Watt administration report that their membership rolls have increased and fund raising has been stimulated during the past two years—specifically because of dislike for Interior programs.

But why believe the word of the hired guns who run such organizations? I decided to take my own readings down at the grass roots, starting at a meeting in Reno last spring of National Wildlife Federation members from 11 Western states. There I talked to about 40 federation members, none of whom drew salaries from the organization. All had joined it because of their recreational interests or concerns about environmental policy, and all were men (there were very few women at the meeting). Their occupations were various, including educators, state and federal employees (though none from Interior), hunting guides, engineers, a miner, a farmer, a botanist, a timber cutter, a land-planning consultant, a cabinet-maker and a lawyer. Several interviewees volunteered that they voted Republican, and overall, I got the impression that the group was a bit to the conservative side of moderate.

Not one of these men was an outright supporter of Watt. A few said that some of his policies were reasonable, but that they distrusted his motives, disliked his preachy, vindictive manner and made it clear that they thought he was generally a disaster as Secretary of the Interior. The rest were adamant in their opposition to Watt, and so, they said, were the overwhelming majority of the members of their local chapters.

There were many specific local criticisms of Interior policies. But one issue, public lands, underlay all the others, and everyone interviewed voiced suspicions that the administration's real intent was to privatize—by sale, new leasing arrangements or regulatory trickery—substantial tracts. That those feelings should have been so strong and widely held isn't surprising, because more than half of the land in the 11

states represented at the meeting is owned by the Federal Government.

## THE SAGEBRUSH REBELLION

In 1979 the Nevada legislature passed a resolution demanding that the Federal Government turn over all its properties in Nevada to the state government. This action was the high-water mark—the Pickett's charge—of the Sagebrush Rebellion. At the time, the rebels received considerable national attention, in part because they were exotics who lent themselves to publicity and punditry. Now the rebellion is pretty



much a thing of the past, but the reasons for it and the people involved in it are still important to the general Western lands issue. Two of its proud members were Ronald Reagan and James Watt.

Technically the rebellion was a sort of rent strike, a protest by ranchers, miners and some of their sympathizers about how they were being harassed and humiliated by the Federal Government, from whom they leased lands. However, more than that it was a class fight, a dispute over the definition of public lands, what they should be used for and who

ought to have a say in the matter. Republican Senator Alan Simpson of Wyoming was never really a Sagebrush Rebel, but many of his constituents were. He is a conservative but a pragmatic rather than ideological one, who talks more about what strikes him as common sense than about what is right and wrong.

Simpson thinks the Sagebrush movement was set off mostly by bureaucratic arrogance—the unresponsiveness of federal land managers, particularly those employed by the Bureau of Land Management. Says Simpson, "People were saying to the BLM, 'Now, look—you gave me a permit to

ing, but, by God, from the BLM you got the greatest pile of hoarah you could ever imagine."

Furthermore, Simpson says that Westerners using public lands felt they were being harassed and humiliated by Eastern-based environmentalists. "I remember federal range users [sheep ranchers and cattlemen] in Worland, Wyoming," he says. "Their allotments [the number of animals the BLM allows to be grazed on a particular tract of leased public land] were cut back. What happened was that some bleep from an Eastern college came out and stuck a wire basket over a three-foot-square piece of ground and counted the

blades of grass inside the cage. He comes back the next summer and says there are 15 fewer blades of grass and therefore your allotment will be cut. He tells this to some horny-handed son of the soil who has been trying to raise 100 sheep on the Bighorn Mountains. You can't imagine the richness of feeling that comes from that sort of thing."

While horny-handed son of the soil is a fine phrase, it suggests a populist character that many observers do not think the antifederal, antienvironmental movement had or has. The Sagebrush Rebellion wasn't created by and for 100-head-of-sheep men in the Bighorns, but rather by and for men who hire somebody else to run their 1,000 head of cattle on 50,000 acres of BLM land.

In the West, men of this class are often ironically called cowboys. They may have started in the cattle business, but in many cases they have bought a ranch because it is a good Western, mucho possession and tax shelter. They now also have a few oil wells, some coal leases, a GM dealership in Denver, a piece of a Phoenix shopping center and/or a condominium complex on Maui. You are much more likely to find them mending fences in the state legislature than wrestling with barbed wire out in the sagebrush; listening to Wayne Newton in Vegas

than to a harmonica around a mesquite campfire.

Cliff Young is a man who is also well acquainted with the roots and spirit of the Sagebrush Rebellion, but he has much less sympathy for it than does Simpson. Young is a native Nevadan, a former Republican Congressman who describes himself as a conservative. He's now a lawyer in Reno and served as president of the National Wildlife Federation from 1981 until March 1983. In 1979 Young was a Nevada state senator, and when he testified against the Sagebrush Rebel-

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*Western land barons who use public tracts feel Watt put Interior and Washington on their side.*

drill a well and one to build an 18-foot-wide road to it. It's snowing like hell out there, and you send me a notice that I'm 20 inches off course and you're going to take away my permit. You son of a bitch." And the BLM guy would say, "That's right, because under CF-R-215 it says I should." And there was no place that driller could appeal to get a real live human being to make a decision. That was the BLM, the most unresponsive agency in government. You could usually go to the Forest Service and get an answer from a human be-

Iron's demand that federal lands be turned over to the state, he says an elderly lady rose up in the visitors' gallery and yelled, "Shoot the son of a bitch!"

As to the richness of antifederal feeling, Young says, "Gripping about the feds is just something you do in the West. You don't complain about what's going on in the county courthouse because your sister works there. But Washington is a long way away. Aside from that, the Sagebrush Rebel complaints came largely from cowboys and independent miners. They are a small group—this hotel we're sitting in [the MGM Grand in Reno] employs 3,200 people. That's more jobs than the whole livestock industry provides in Nevada.

"Before the environmental movement became significant, if cowboys had trouble with a BLM or Forest Service representative, they just called up their Congressman and had the man shut up or transferred out. But the environmental laws changed all that, and that's what makes them mad. In the West we know what happened when the cowboys and miners ran things. They overgrazed, dumped mine waste wherever they wanted, polluted the water or locked it up for their personal use. Most people think they will do the same thing if they get another chance. That's what the real fight is about."

Watt says that his administration was responsible for quelling the rebellion. He claims that ranchers said, "Hey, two years ago we wanted to get rid of all federal lands. Now we want Jim Watt to manage the federal lands because he is a good guy. Don't sell the lands, Jim Watt. You manage them. We can deal with you."

## LOCKED GATES

Many people whom I talked to in Reno and other Western locales feel privatization and other policies introduced by the Watt administration are just the Sagebrush Rebellion being carried on by different means. The locked gate is frequently offered as the perfect symbol for this. You can't poke around much in the Western boondocks without coming upon a gate that illegally bars access to public lands—and you can't help being irritated by it. Fences are there for the convenience of the people who lease this cheap land. The gates are there to let cows, sheep, people and trucks in and out. Except in a few special cases, the gates are supposed to be closed with only a loop of wire or rope so that the land behind them can be used by all the true owners of the property—the public. But there are a fair number of cowboys—ranch-

ers, miners, oilmen and others of the land-baron class—who want to run the public lands they lease like private fiefdoms. So they wrap a length of chain around the gatepost and lock up the gate, and perhaps for good measure put up a hostile no trespassing sign.

There's a feeling that Watt, the wild-eyed city lawyer from Denver, determined to change things around so that if you want to get to certain public places, you're either going to have to kiss the boot of some cowboy who has made his pile in Oklahoma oil or else fight his foreman.

Bob Burnett, a massive, gravelly voiced fellow from New Mexico who's mad as hell about privatization, probably knows more ways than anyone else to deal with locked gates. Burnett has lived near Roswell, N. Mex. since the 1930s. At the moment he owns a pump business that sells and services irrigation and oil-field equipment. Burnett has been a member—and usually an officer—of the Chaves County chapter of the National Wildlife Federation for the past 30 years. He has been an impassioned hunter, conservationist and environmentalist all his life. "It was just the way I was raised," Burnett says.

Burnett looks, talks and sometimes acts like a cowboy of the Sagebrush Rebel-landowner baron type. However, he's a counterrevolutionary, perhaps the most effective field insurrectionist against that class now working the West. "There's some good fellows running cattle, drilling for oil, mining on public lands," he says. "I got no fight with those fellows using it and making some money as long as they understand they are just using land that belongs to everybody

and treat it right. It's the bunch that don't—and there's getting to be more of them all the time—that I want to take on. If somebody wants to hunt or take pictures of butterflies or just sit there looking at a horned toad [on public lands], they got just as much right to do it as somebody with a lease has to run stock or pump oil."

Burnett's interest in opening land is avocational in the sense that it's a labor of love, or hate, but he's now devoting as much time to it as to his business. "I'm just one of those hardheads that doesn't like somebody who thinks he's a big shot to push people around," he says.

New Mexico's Chaves and Lincoln counties, where Burnett fights most of his land battles, are together about the size of Connecticut. As in most of the West, a map showing ownership of land in these counties is a patchwork, with sections of private, state and federal tracts occurring in free-



Young fears that private development might ruin the West.



form patterns, which are difficult to follow on the ground. Boundaries are marked only by widely scattered signs and obscure brass surveyor's caps pounded down in the cholla and prickly bushes. The largest local landholder is the BLM, which leases most of its holdings in chunks of 10,000 acres and more to cattlemen and sheep ranchers. Access to these leased tracts is provided by roads that are either within the BLM boundaries or administered by the counties.

Traveling across a boulder-strewn county road, Burnett says, "It ain't much, but she's ours." After three or four miles the road is crossed by a fence line and a gate that is secured with a spider web of wire but isn't locked. To one side is a formidable no trespassing sign, and a mile or so beyond that some ranch buildings are visible. "Now what would you think, if you was to come on this?" Burnett asks.

"I'd think I'd better stay on this side of the gate if I didn't want to get my ass shot off."

"That's pretty much what some fellows that called me last fall thought, only they also thought there is a whole lot of public land on the other side of the fence. They were right. It's private on both sides here, but this road runs down this little pie-shaped wedge here on the map [Burnett travels with a full set of topographical sheets.] This wedge gives you access to about 12,000 acres of public land. What they did is

close up an old gate further down and then wire this one shut to close off all that land. When I heard, I came out. I had a surveyor friend with me, and we studied the map until we were exactly sure about where we were.

"I went through the gate and just wanted, giving them a chance to see me from the ranch. About 10 minutes passed and then two vehicles and four people come boiling up. The foreman said I'd torn down his gate. I said now let's not h.s. each other. Then he said I had moved some rocks along the fence. I said I sure had. They were covering up the brass surveyor's caps, which were what we wanted to find, so we could be sure this was public land. Then the owner, a rich fellow from down in Texas, pitched in saying that he's had this place a bunch of years. He said, 'You got all them maps. If you're so damn smart, just find the surveyor's caps.' We did just that, and they don't like it much, but people can use that gate as much as they want now."

Burnett says he doesn't want anybody hurt in such confrontations. He first makes absolutely sure about the lay of the land and then tries to speak softly. However, he also carries a .357 Magnum. Burnett calculates that during the last year he has opened up 50,000 acres of land from which the public had previously been illegally barred. However, he believes that there are many more thousands of acres behind

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## Interior

continued

locked gates and that there's a continuing effort to lock up more public lands.

"No doubt about it," Burnett says. "It got worse because of Watt and that bunch of his in Washington coming down so hard against the environment. I think Watt is the most dangerous man we've ever had in the country."

### RADICAL RETROSPECT

Noel Kincaid is in his 60s, and until a few years ago he ran sheep and cattle in southern New Mexico and west Texas. Now retired from ranching in Carlsbad, N. Mex., Kincaid thinks what ails America is that the people have become too dependent on the government. They sit around and wait for it to deal with their problems while in the days of his youth people acted much more independently. Americans have become too soft and docile, Kincaid thinks.

When I told him that he sounded like a pro-Watt man, Kincaid looked startled and objected. "No, you could not say I was pro-Watt," he said. "I have never liked radicals. I can look at a man's face and listen to him, and I have a knack for knowing what he is. I have seen Watt on television, and I know he's a radical."

They may have arrived at it by different routes, but Kincaid's conclusion is substantially the same as that of nearly all of the leaders of the environmental community and, it would appear, the majority of the public: Watt has made much the same assessment of himself. He has often said that he wants to make massive changes in the operations of the Interior Department, to use unorthodox methods to get it moving in a direction sharply divergent from its previous one. All of which can simply be defined as radical.

Radical departures from tradition are generally scary but they aren't necessarily wrong because they're different. In some cases they are necessary and right. Therefore, unless Watt is to be dismissed and scorned simply because he's different, the substance of his radicalism deserves to be examined on its merits. In making any such examination, one comment by Watt should be kept in mind. When we first met, I mentioned that to a greater degree than in any previous administration I had known or heard about, his was controlled by its secretary and reflected his opinions and principles. Watt

thought that an accurate observation, and he took it as a compliment. Therefore, any review of Interior's activities from 1981 through last week must largely be a personal review of this extraordinary man.

Here it must be pointed out that this article was intended to be a post-midterm report on the Watt administration. However, in view of the mounting number of political leaders withdrawing their support for Watt late last week, including Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker of Tennessee and no fewer than seven other Republican Senators, this report might, in the end, serve as a summation of the Watt years at Interior.

A paradox of the first 2½ years of the Watt administration is that in practice it was far less radical than it perceived itself to be or was perceived by its critics. Because the massive changes Watt suggested caused such strong and effective opposition, many of the best works of his administration resulted from essentially negative decisions. A prime example is his parks acquisition policy. It can be argued that any park is more in the public interest than no park. But as Watt has properly contended, rapidly acquiring sizable tracts of new lands would in time adversely affect the management of all parks both by adding mediocre properties to the system and by depleting maintenance resources.

But, because the Watt administration was built upon an ideological foundation rather than a pragmatic one, it had difficulty refraining from carrying its ideas, even good ones, to extremes and therefore reduced many of them to absurdity—such as his ban on acquiring any new parks at all. This deprived Watt of the credit he deserves for his honest attempts to be a good steward for the park system and made the system's management much more of a partisan issue than necessary or desirable.

Somewhat the same thing occurred in the protection of wetlands, another issue in which Watt took a genuine personal interest—and showed it by negative action. He successfully backed legislation that got the Federal Government out of the business of providing individuals with cheap insurance against storms and floods in low-lying coastal areas. Since the feds will no longer be sharing the

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"Oh look Harry,  
they're playing our song."

## Interior

continued

risks, developers should be less keen about proceeding with projects in these fragile areas.

Perhaps the most innovative program proposed by the Watt administration is one called POWDR (Protect Our Wetland and Duck Resources). Its purpose is to encourage, by means of economic incentives, local governments and,

viction that its true constituency was a fairly narrow economic one of entrepreneurial nature-users. During previous administrations, including solidly pro-business Republican ones, the consensual approach to environmental management was based on the premise that economic growth and environmental protection were equally desirable; that the



*Buxton, armed with topographic maps and a .357 Magnum, has opened 50,000 acres of illegally locked-up New Mexico land in the past year.*

especially, large corporations to acquire wetlands and protect them either through their own efforts or by turning them over to local federal managers. POWDR is still largely a paper creation and has not protected a single acre of wetlands. Critics have claimed that POWDR was intended as a p.r. device for stroking the administration's corporate constituency. However, since protecting wetlands is a complex and serious ecological undertaking, it would seem that involving the private sector in it is at least worth trying.

On the opposite side of the coin, the Watt administration accomplished—as opposed to promised and threatened—some things that seem to be contrary to the best interests of the public and nature. The contempt for and throttling of scientific inquiry and honest dissent within the department falls into this category. The consequences of continuing to try to deal with nature as we would like it to be, rather than as it is, could be disastrous for everyone.

The traditional role of Interior, as defined by Congressman Morris Udall (D.-Ariz.) and many others, has been to represent and defend natural interests and values. The worst of the Watt administration's 2½ years flowed from its con-

U.S. could afford both. Watt has made it clear that in his view America isn't rich enough to afford the kind of environmental protection it had in the past; that if a conflict arose between economic and environmental interests, he would support the former. The rapid increase in the rate at which public lands and resources have been leased to private developers and the adjustments in regulations aimed at giving leaseholders more—and the public less—control over those lands and resources are the clearest examples of how these convictions translate into action. In this, Watt diverged radically from the notion that environmental protection must be a public work because the private economic sector has neither the resources nor much inclination to do the job.

Watt wants to be judged by his actions and not by the things he has said. But, as was made clear again last week, it can be argued that his words have, in fact, had a far greater social impact than his deeds. He's preeminently a man of ideals, and he has used his office as a pulpit to preach in favor of his ideological causes and against their enemies. Watt's sermons may not have moved the national congregation in the ways he intended, but they have moved it nonetheless.

continued

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Cutaway View

Norseman tanned leather we use has silicon impregnated fibers that resist water. So your boots are protected from damaging moisture and won't dry out hard and stiff.

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Boots that look as good indoors as they feel outdoors. Boots that are made to last.

And it's a respect for this tradition that makes our boots, especially our chukkas, what they are Classics.



**WOLVERINE**  
Boots & Shoes

Most obviously he has energized the environmental movement as no individual or phenomenon previously has. The reaction to him has translated into thousands of new members and millions of dollars for the private environmental organizations that are most hostile to him. More important, Watt has forced conservationists and preservationists to rethink and reform many of their long-held principles and practices.

During the 1970s environmentalists became spoiled and arrogant as a result of too much attention and too little critical examination. Odd theories and proposals that had little to do with nature, science or the common welfare found support because, like balanced diets, environmentalism was thought to be so patently good that it was gauche to object to anything that traveled under that name. With his conspiratorial view of the political world, Watt identifies the cause of extreme environmentalism as "creeping socialism" and has energetically lambasted it as such.

Creeping silliness might be a more accurate description. Rocks Have Rightists got out of hand. Preservation of nature, as though it were a rare artwork, became an end unto itself. The observable fact that the web of life is an intricate multiple-use arrangement was, in some quarters, obscured by the ideological fantasy that the only decent and harmonious natural relationships are nonconsuming ones. Also, there have been many examples of individual environmentalists confusing their private esthetic concerns with natural law and trying to convert them into public policy. Some may like snowmobiles in national parks and others may not, but it's a matter of personal taste, not a question of ecology or morality. Backpackers camping in the wilderness are no better, worse or natural than a family vacationing in a parking lot in their camper.

Despite Watt's beliefs, environmental socialists—or sillies—hadn't captured the Interior Department. Largely it was manned by pragmatists who knew that development of resources could be accomplished without seriously befouling nature. Often they had more trouble with and less sympathy for the preservationist "wild-eyes," as they have been called by President Carter's Interior Secretary, Cecil Andrus, than they did with reasonable users of public resources. However, if the environmental extremists had gone unchallenged long enough, they might have gained the sort of control over public policy that Watt thinks they had. This would have led to another sort of disaster. Just as for a time anything environmental was considered beyond reproach, too much of this brand of nonsense would have given even the best sort of environmental protection a bad name.

Watt has presented a broad hint of the kind of backlash that environmentalism carried to excess could produce. Perhaps because it takes one extremist to know another, he was the right man at the right time with the right style to shake up the sillies.

It's quite possible to imagine someone of the same persuasion as Secretary Watt, but more politically adept—or perhaps more unprincipled—wreaking far greater havoc on the environment than he has. Watt has come on as such a wild and woolly radical that he hasn't been able to accomplish anywhere near as much as he said he wanted to when he took office. Nevertheless, even while occasionally nicking himself in the foot with his rhetoric, he has continued to fire away from the hip at anything that looks or sounds to him to be preservationist. In the process, he has antagonized even the most moderate of those who consider themselves to be environmentalists and warned the most activist that if they are truly serious about advancing their cause they had better stick to the mainstream and jettison some of their more bizarre notions. This much-needed shaping-up process is going on now.

Watt's ideas about a balanced environmental policy aren't shared by many Americans. Were his ideas to truly prevail for long, the country would be in some real trouble. However, because of the challenge he has posed, it seems likely the U.S. will have a much stronger consensus about what it can and should do with nature. In fact, Americans already are more certain about some of these things than they would have been had not this man come blazing out of his Denver law office and started them thinking about what is important rather than just about what is nice.

There's a related matter: The U.S. hasn't had much experience with ideological leaders. There has been a feeling that they can't get power in America. Watt is perhaps the most radical and zealous ideologue to reach a high public office in the U.S. in a long time—maybe ever. His administration has been instructive because it shows how True Believers behave

when they get their hands on the keys to the most important things. Watt may have provided us with a valuable case study for future reference.

I have been following environmental affairs for 35 years and am of the opinion that during that period the three people who have had the greatest impact on how we think about and behave toward nature are Aldo Leopold, the naturalist-author who after his death became the spiritual father of the environmental movement; Rachel Carson, the author of *Silent Spring*; and James Watt. The last name is listed with absolutely no ironic or sarcastic intent.



Oddly, Watt has encouraged environmentalism.



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# Why **Sports Illustrated** subscribers keep coming back...

May 23, 1965—Lowman, Miles



From 31 June 7, 1965

Muhammad Ali, born Cassius Clay, retained the heavyweight championship of the world by knocking out Sonny Liston with a perfectly valid, stunning right-hand punch to the side of the head, and he won without benefit of a fix.

The knockout punch itself was thrown with the amazing speed that differentiates Clay from any other heavyweight... For the few qualified observers who had a clear view of the knockout punch, there was no doubt about its power. Immediately after it landed, Floyd Patterson, seated at ringside in the most advantageous position to see the blow said.... "It was a perfect right hand."

[Ali] went berserk when he saw Liston on the canvas and heard the chorus of "Fake! Fake!" coming from the fans who had missed the knockout punch.

Instead of retreating to a neutral corner and allowing Referee Joe Walcott to begin his count, the frantic champion stood over Liston shouting, "Get up and fight, sucker!" —*The Month of June 7, 1965*

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

## CON WHO WOULD BE PRO

Sir:

Frank Lids's story (*This Is the Game of the Name*, Sept. 19) on Arthur Lee Trotter, the man who would be Marv Fleming et al., was a real piece of work. One question, though: Does the imprisoned impostor, Trotter, really look that much like Fleming, Bill Russell and John Mackey, or are people just dumber than I think?

MARK MOSKOWITZ  
Haverford, Pa.

• Decide for yourself —ED.



ROBBELL



TROTTER



MACKAY



FLEMING

## THE OPEN

Sir:

Finally, in Frank Deford's article on Martina the Magnificent's victory in the U.S. Open (*She Put Herself into High Gear and Heeded North*, Sept. 19), we have a sports-writer acknowledging what fans have known all along—that Team Navratilova is no bigger than any other "team." It's just that Martina is so much better than everyone else, it only seems as though there's more than one player on her side of the net.

The Open is won. Now I hope everyone will just sit back, relax, enjoy Martina's play and stop carping.

FRAN ROSS  
New York City

Sir:

I was really annoyed when you failed to put Martina Navratilova on your cover after her amazing performance at Wimbledon in July, but now I understand. You were reserving the honor for her long-awaited U.S. Open title.

This was indeed a much more appropriate time, and it was well worth the wait. Bravo, Martina!

COLLEEN WILKINSON  
San Antonio

Sir:

The last woman to be honored as your Sportswoman of the Year was Chris Evert Lloyd (1976); it seems only right that Martina be the next.

IRV WIESS  
Toronto

Sir:

If Martina Navratilova makes a habit of flipping the bird, as Frank Deford put it, to hecklers, she'll always remain far behind Chris Evert Lloyd in one category: class.

GLENN T. MAJEWSKI  
Edison, N.J.

Sir:

During the Open, Chris Evert Lloyd claimed that Martina has had only two great years. By my count it's at least four. Come on, Chris. Your place in tennis history is secure. You don't have to try to diminish someone else to make yourself look better.

B. NELSON  
Philadelphia

Sir:

Being a Jimmy Connors fan, I find sweet irony in the fact that Frank Deford was assigned to cover the '82 Wimbledon and the '83 U.S. Open tennis tournaments, both of which Connors won. It was Deford, after all, who prematurely proclaimed the end of Connors' career by referring to him in his article on the '81 Open as "the late, great Jimmy Connors" (*Another Big Mac Attack*, Sept. 21, 1981). Seems like Deford, along with a few other people, gave up on Jimbo a couple of years too soon.

SCOTT MCCONNELL  
Philadelphia

Sir:

I enjoyed Frank Deford's article on the '83 Open. I happen to be one of those "obsolete" fans who love watching an athlete give it everything he's got on every point, no matter what the score. Tennis will lose one of its most exciting and tenacious competitors when Jimmy Connors retires.

JOHN HAVAS  
Union, N.J.

Sir:

Frank Deford's article about Jimmy Connors' Open victory thoroughly shocked and angered me. Although I am accustomed to opinionated coverage of tennis by SA, I never expected such unprofessional garbage. How can you congratulate a boorish extrovert and

ungracious winner like Connors and at the same time denigrate a quiet and talented player like Ivan Lendl?

DONNA A. WOLF  
Coombsville, Md.

## THE CHANGING TIDE

Sir:

My brother called long-distance to tell me that if he ever got fired he would wish for the same publicity I've had—ABC Television and SI (*The Drowning of a New Day*, Sept. 19) in the same week, but still no resulting job offers.

John Underwood's article on Ray Perkins, Paul (Bear) Bryant's successor at Alabama, was first-class, as Underwood's stories usually are. I believe the first two weeks of the season clearly proved Perkins a worthy successor to The Man, and that Bama fans will not have to suffer any painful interregnum.

I grew up in Tuscaloosa—one of my early memories is watching a touchdown pass from Dixie Howell to Don Hutson—so my 30-year association with the Alabama broadcasts was a special treasure for me. However, as I told Ray, I agreed with many changes he made and observed, obviously, to a few. But he has the responsibility for the athletic program, and I firmly believe he has to do what he thinks best for every aspect of it.

JOHN FORNEY

Former Play-by-Play Announcer  
Alabama Football Network  
Birmingham

## THE BEAR'S RECORD

Sir:

The statement in your 1983 College & Pro Football Spectacular (*The Top 20*, Sept. 1) concerning Alabama Coach Bear Bryant's record of 11-12-2 against non-conference powers was correct but highly misleading.

If you break down that record you will see that Texas, against which the Bear's record was 0-3-1, and Notre Dame (0-4-0) were the only thorns in Bryant's side. The five remaining teams you listed were even at best, with Alabama matching Southern California 2-2-0 and outplaying Nebraska 3-2-0, Penn State 4-1-0, Ohio State 1-0-0 and Oklahoma 1-0-1.

True fans do remember.

LARRY BRONOLD  
Houston

Sir:

Regarding Bear Bryant's Alabama record against quality non-conference opposition, if one includes Arkansas, Baylor, Clemson, Florida State, Houston, Illinois, Miami (Fla.), Missouri, N.C. State, Rutgers, SMU, Texas A&M, TCU, UCLA and Washington, the record becomes 51-15-3. It seems unfair to ex-

continued

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18TH HOLE continued

pect Ray Perkins or anyone else to improve on that performance.

ERNEST E. ALLEN JR.  
Smyrna, Ga.

**GOODDIP**

Sir:

Beautiful! Ron Fimrite's article ("I've the Gehrig of My Time," Sept. 19) on Cecil Cooper made my day. In an era in which athletes are increasingly criticized and rejected as favorable role models, Cooper instills hope. His involvement in community affairs and his selfless attitude are to be lauded. He states in your article, "Always believe in yourself, because if you don't, you're defeated." Don't worry about it, Cecil. You're a winner in the game of life!

THE REV. DAVID D. BRAY  
Pastor  
St. John's Lutheran Church  
Britten, S. Dak.

Sir:

Cecil Cooper the "Lou Gehrig of our time"? At the end of last week, the Orioles' Eddie Murray had 197 home runs at age 27 and Cooper had only 193 at age 33. We'll see who's the Gehrig of our time.

MARK DENBO  
Bethesda, Md.

**DRAWING THE LINE**

Sir:

Your article on Harvey Martin (*A Shining Knight No More*, Sept. 12) reveals that you're applying a double standard. You recently ran a two-part article on Darryl Singley (*Where Am I? It Has to Be a Bad Dream*, Aug. 29 and Sept. 5) in which Singley and Mark Muhoy deplored the hit by Jack Tatum that permanently crippled Singley. Now, in the Martin story, Gary Smith humorously relates how a blow of Martin's to the head of a rookie—in practice!—left the rookie unconscious for eight minutes.

In both cases, the intent would seem to be the same, the difference being the lack of permanent damage in one example. Was Tatum's hit worse than Martin's only because his caused irreparable injury? If Singley had gotten up, and Tatum were still playing, is it possible you would be writing about the great Jack Tatum and what he once did to Singley?

WILLIAM E. IRE  
Chicago

Sir:

In the article *The Power but No Glory* (Sept. 19), Ricky Hunley of Arizona says, "I dream, I mean dream, of hitting a wide receiver in midair." Is what he is dreaming of the making of another Darryl Singley?

GEORGE F. PLATES  
Ormond Beach, Fla.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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